ANIMAL

NO. 5

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AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

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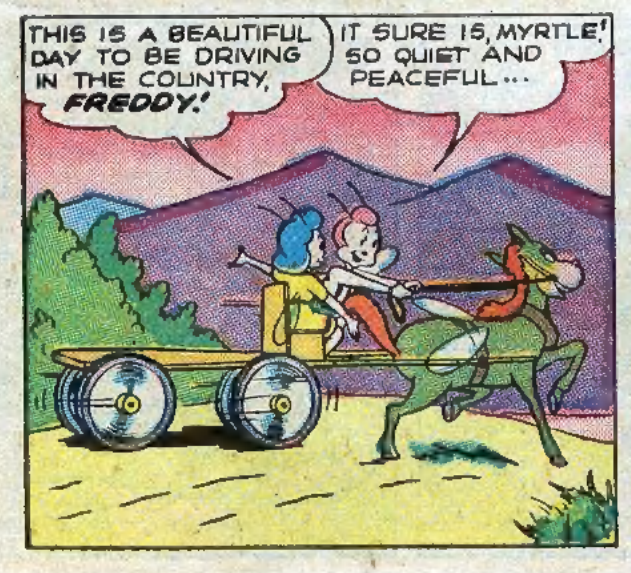
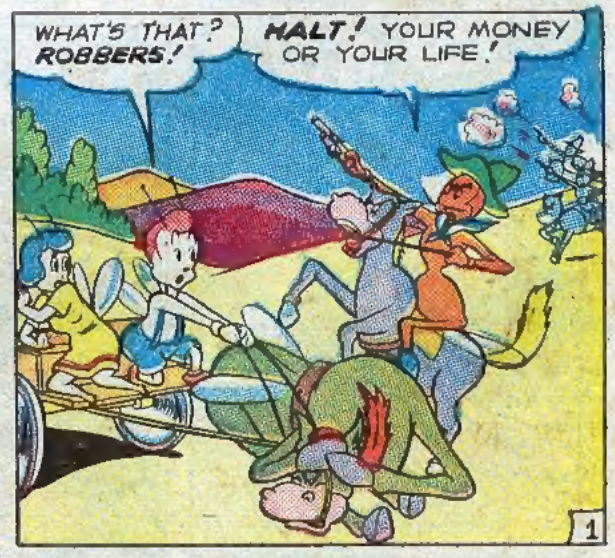
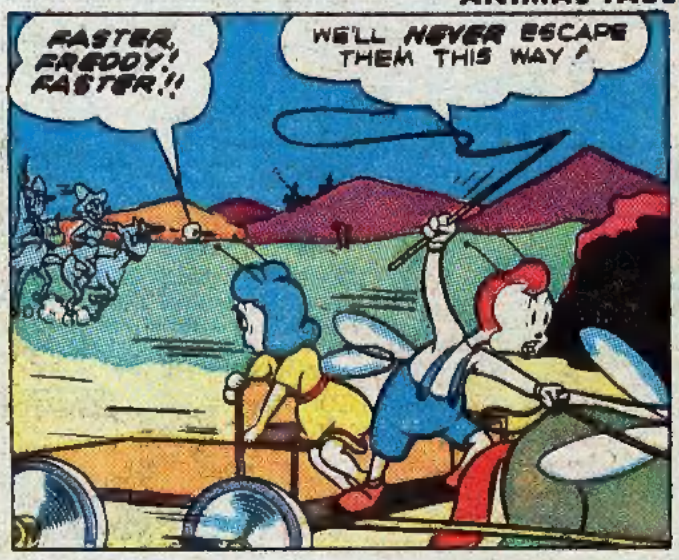
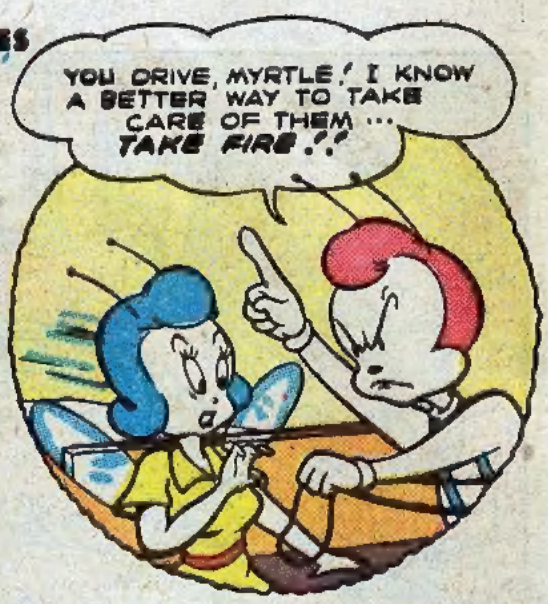
FREDDY FIREFLY

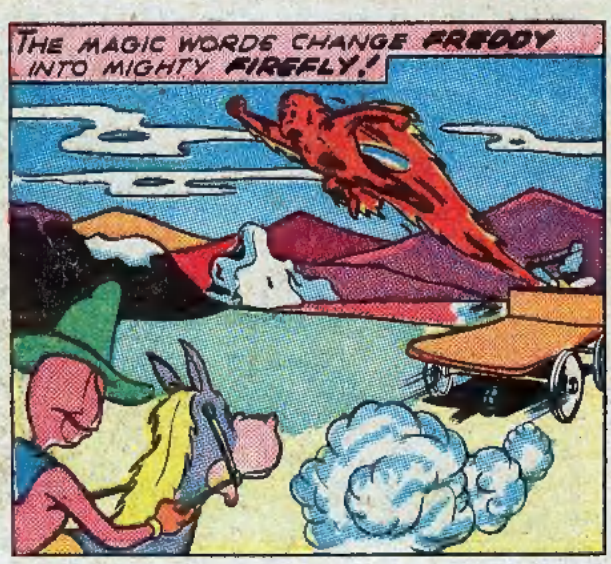
WHEN HE SAYS THE MAGIC WORDS, TAKE FIRE, MEEK LITTLE FREDDY IS TRANSFORMED INTO THE METEOR OF FLAME – FIREFLY!

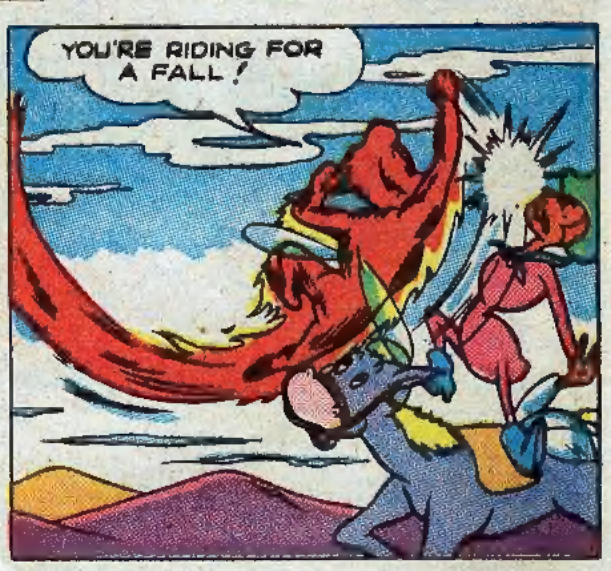


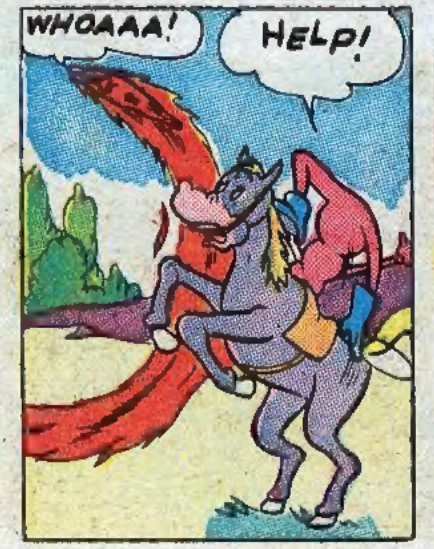


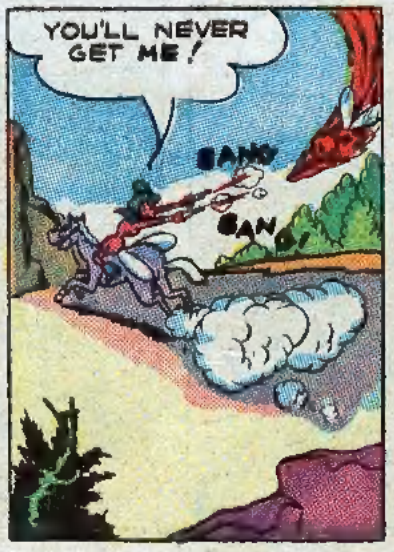

FASTER, FREDDY! FASTER!!
WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE THEM THIS WAY!

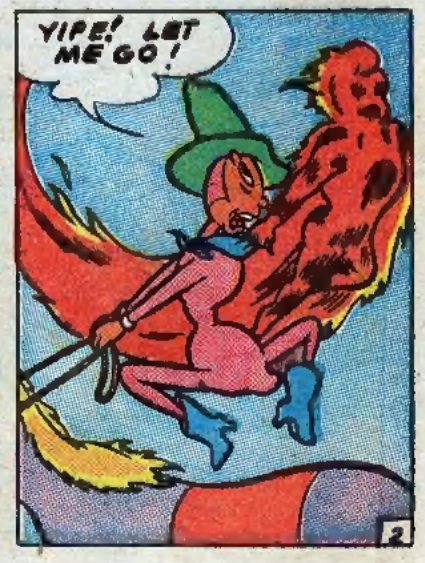

YOU DRIVE, MYRTLE! I KNOW A BETTER WAY TO TAKE CARE OF THEM ... TAKE FIRE!!

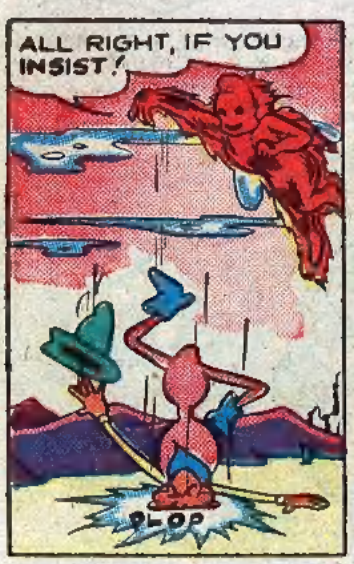

THE MAGIC WORDS CHANGE FREDDY INTO MIGHTY FIREFLY!


YOU'RE RIDING FOR A FALL!

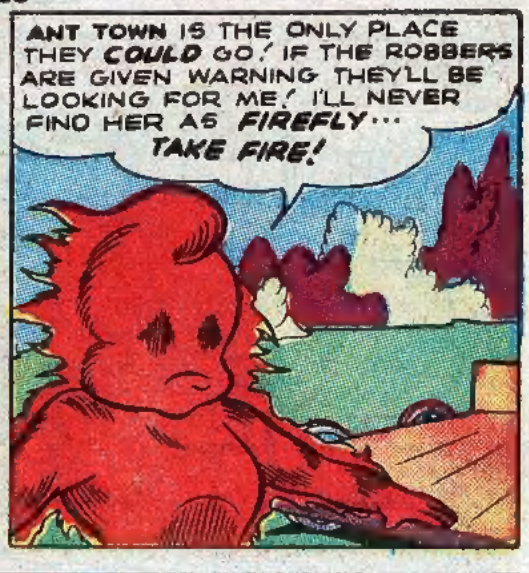

WHOAAA!
HELP!

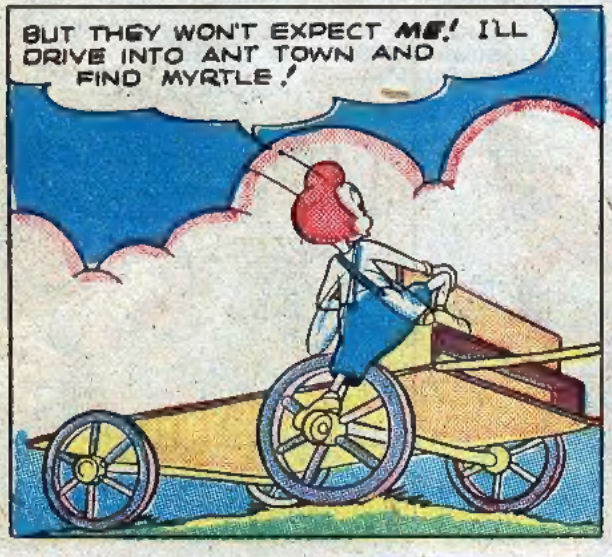

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
BANG
BANG

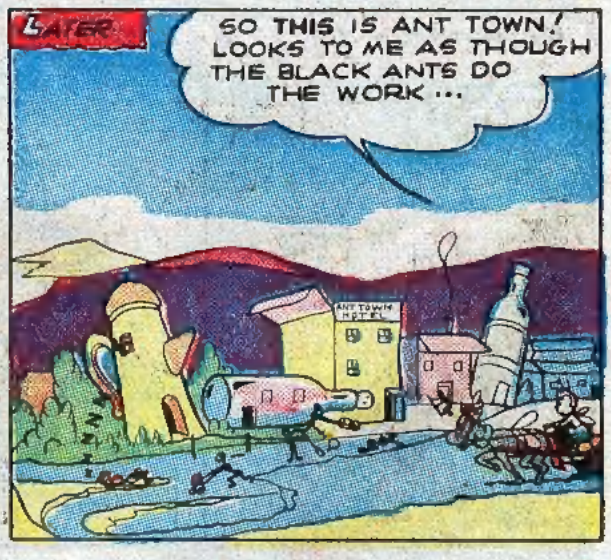

YIPE! LET ME GO!

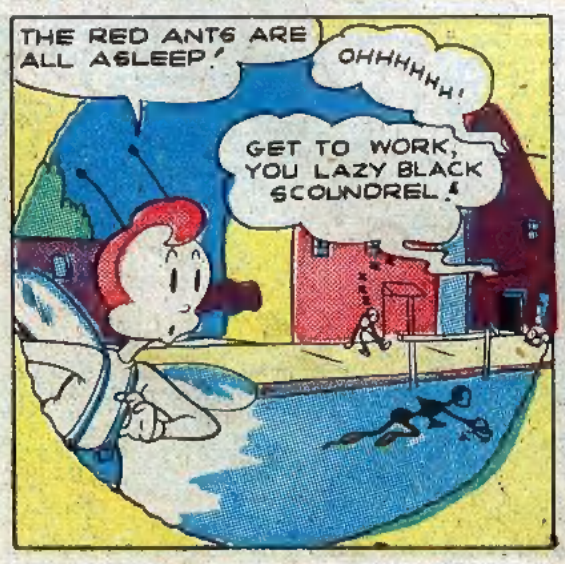

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU INSIST!
PLOP

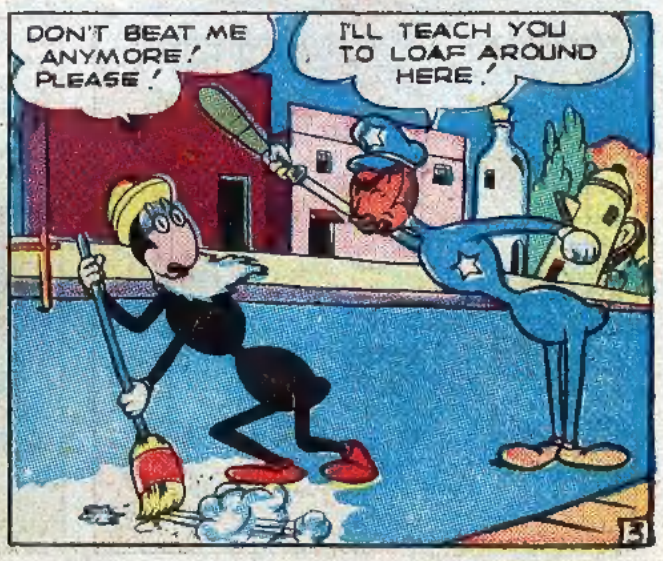
BUT WHEN FIREFLY RETURNS!
MYRTLE'S GONE! SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THOSE ROBBERS!

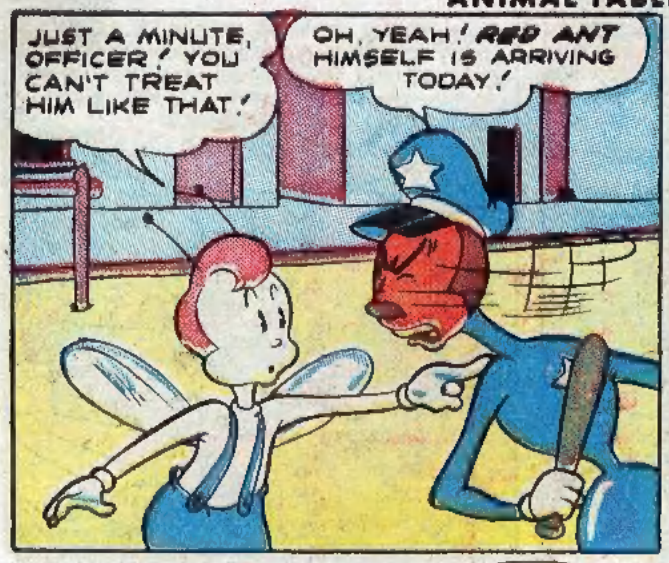

ANT TOWN IS THE ONLY PLACE THEY COULD GO! IF THE ROBBERS ARE GIVEN WARNING THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME! I'LL NEVER FIND HER AS FIREFLY... TAKE FIRE!


BUT THEY WON'T EXPECT ME! I'LL DRIVE INTO ANT TOWN AND FIND MYRTLE!

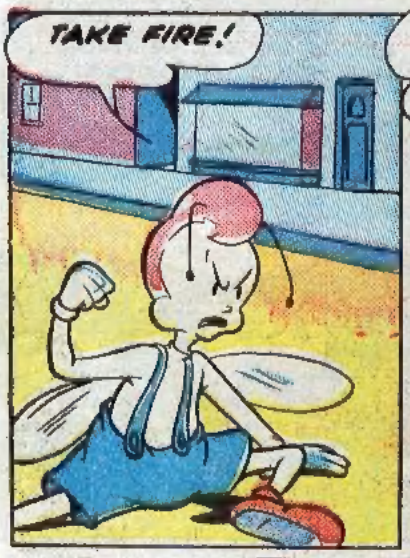

LATER
SO THIS IS ANT TOWN! LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THE BLACK ANTS DO THE WORK...
ANT TOWN HOTEL

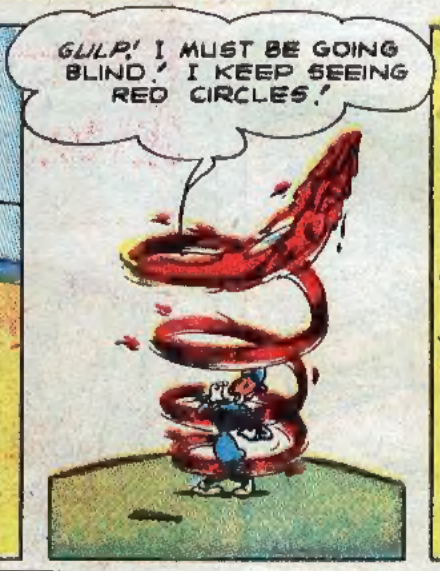

THE RED ANTS ARE ALL ASLEEP!
OHHHHHH!
GET TO WORK, YOU LAZY BLACK SCOUNDREL!


DON'T BEAT ME ANYMORE! PLEASE!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO LOAF AROUND HERE!


JUST A MINUTE, OFFICER! YOU CAN'T TREAT HIM LIKE THAT!
OH, YEAH! RED ANT HIMSELF IS ARRIVING TODAY!

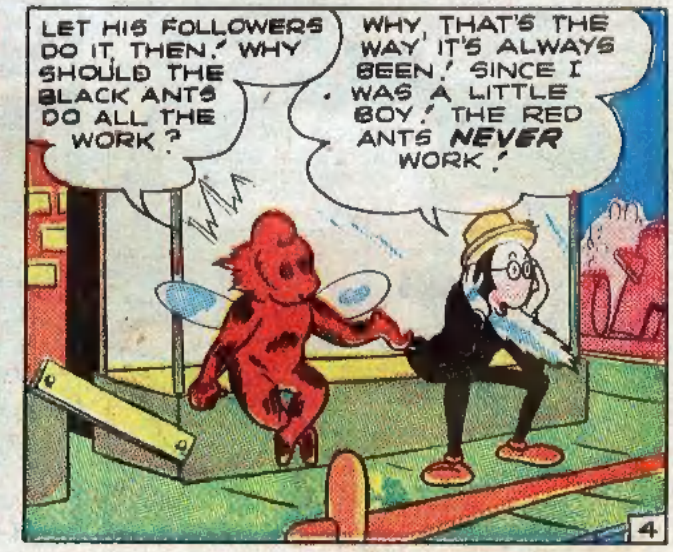
THESE STREETS GOTTA BE KEPT CLEAN ... AND I DON'T WANT ANY BACK TALK, EITHER!

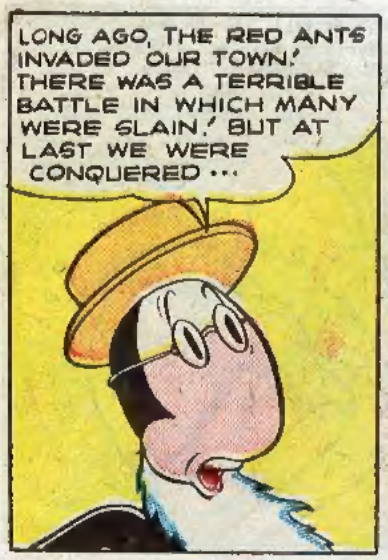

TAKE FIRE!

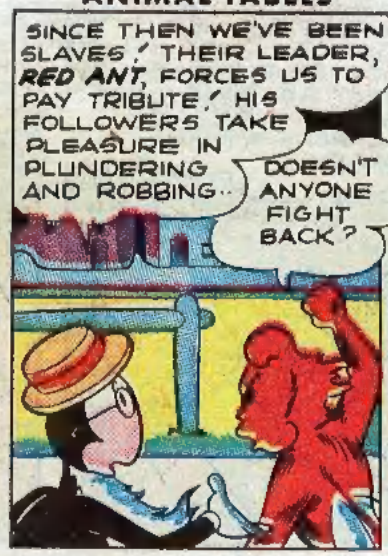

GULP! I MUST BE GOING BLIND! I KEEP SEEING RED CIRCLES!

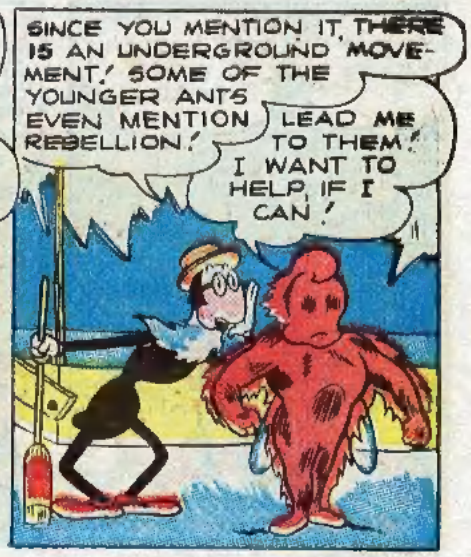
NOW YOU CAN START SEEING STARS!
UGHHH!

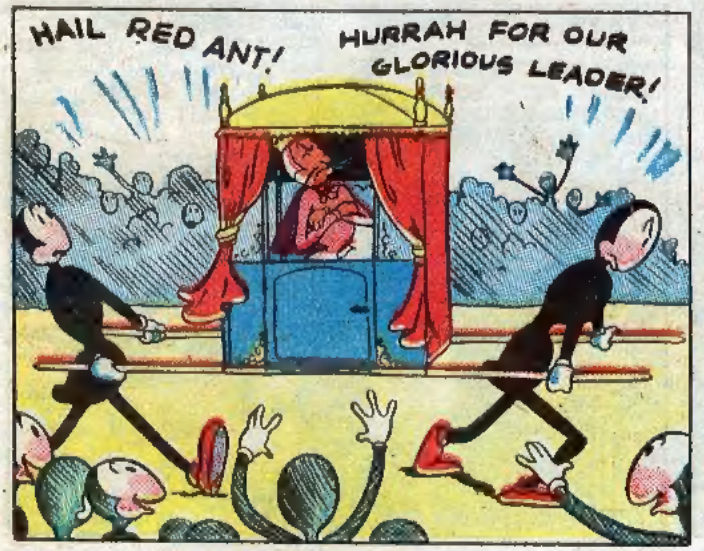
COME WITH ME, OLD MAN!
BUT-BUT SOMEBODY MUST CLEAN THE STREETS FOR RED ANT'S ARRIVAL TODAY!


LET HIS FOLLOWERS DO IT, THEN! WHY SHOULD THE BLACK ANTS DO ALL THE WORK?
WHY, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S ALWAYS BEEN! SINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY! THE RED ANTS NEVER WORK!

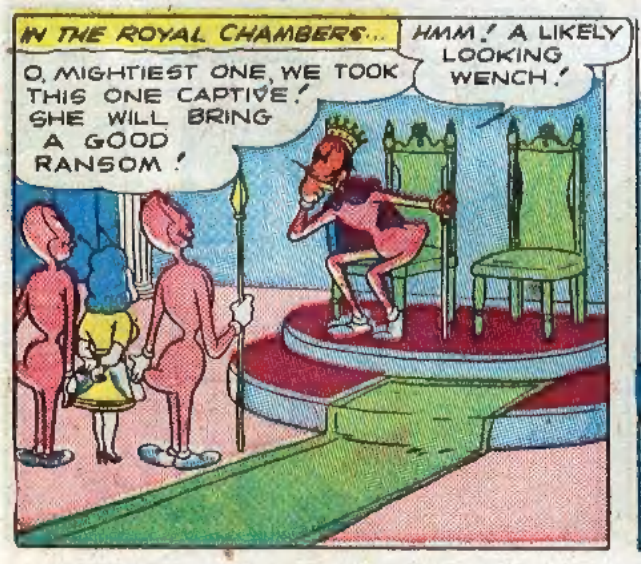

LONG AGO, THE RED ANTS INVADED OUR TOWN! THERE WAS A TERRIBLE BATTLE IN WHICH MANY WERE SLAIN! BUT AT LAST WE WERE CONQUERED ...

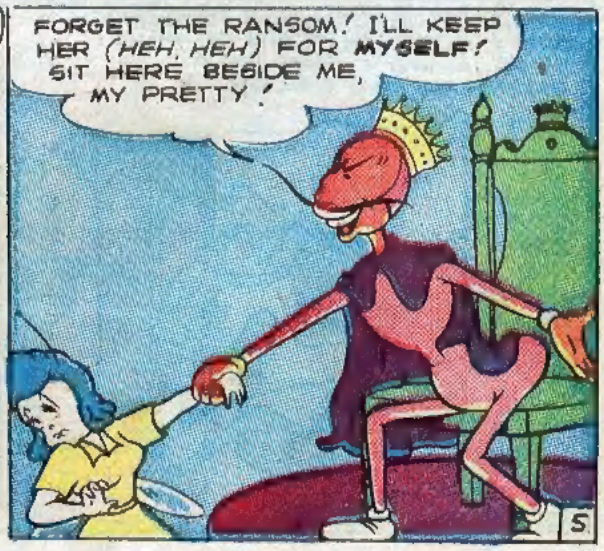

SINCE THEN WE'VE BEEN SLAVES! THEIR LEADER, RED ANT, FORCES US TO PAY TRIBUTE! HIS FOLLOWERS TAKE PLEASURE IN PLUNDERING AND ROBBING..
DOESN'T ANYONE FIGHT BACK?


SINCE YOU MENTION IT, THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT! SOME OF THE YOUNGER ANTS EVEN MENTION REBELLION!
LEAD ME TO THEM! I WANT TO HELP, IF I CAN!


HAIL RED ANT!
HURRAH FOR OUR GLORIOUS LEADER!

T-THERE HE IS NOW! RED ANT HIMSELF!
NEVER MIND HIM! I WANT TO SEE THE LEADERS OF YOUR UNDERGROUND!

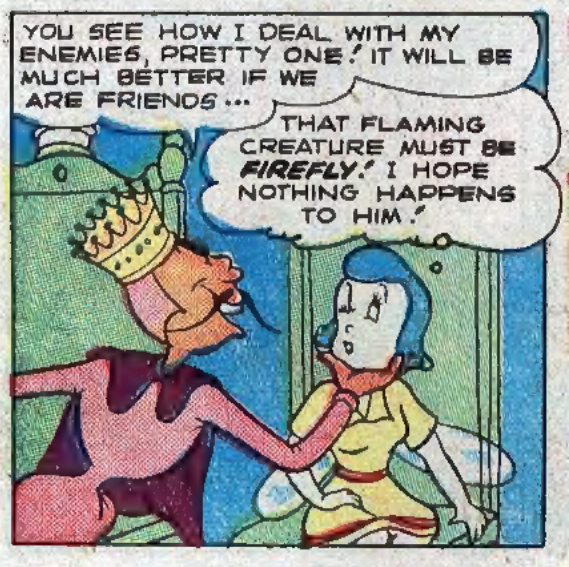

IN THE ROYAL CHAMBERS...
O, MIGHTIEST ONE, WE TOOK THIS ONE CAPTIVE! SHE WILL BRING A GOOD RANSOM!
HMM! A LIKELY LOOKING WENCH!

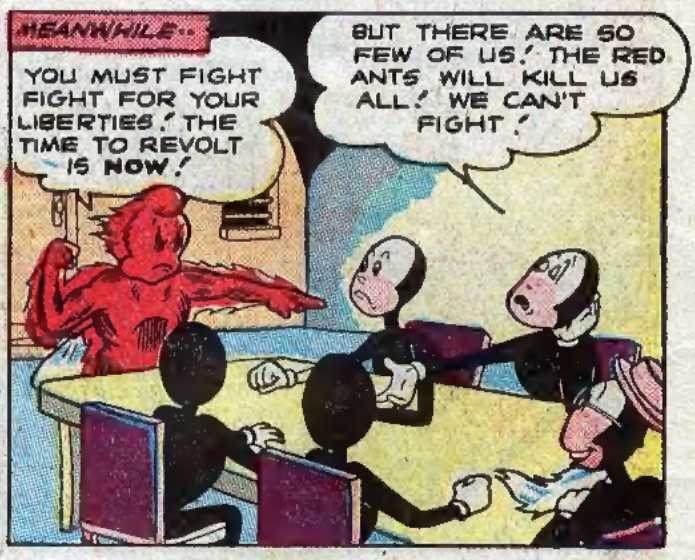

FORGET THE RANSOM! I'LL KEEP HER (HEH, HEH) FOR MYSELF! SIT HERE BESIDE ME, MY PRETTY!

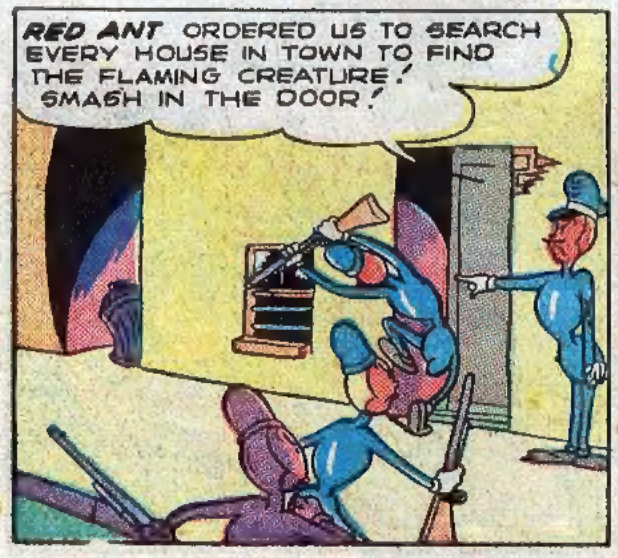
NEXT CASE!
OH, I WISH I WERE DEAD!

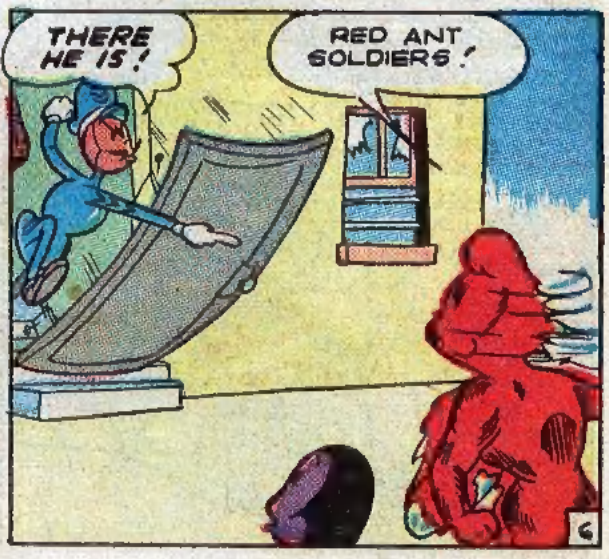
I WAS ATTACKED, O MIGHTIEST ONE! A STRANGE FLAMING CREATURE BEAT ME UP WHILE I WAS PERFORMING MY DUTY!
GO!

ORDER OUT THE GUARD! FIND THE RECKLESS ONE WHO DARES ATTACK ONE OF MY FOLLOWERS! WHEN YOU FIND HIM, DESTROY HIM!

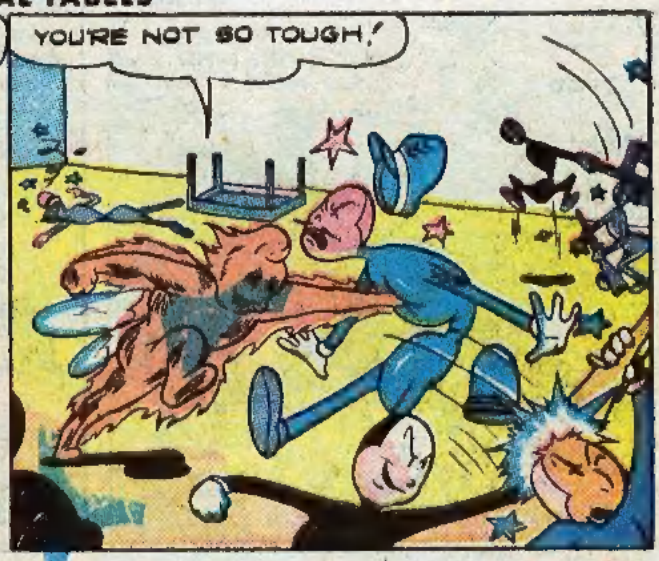

YOU SEE HOW I DEAL WITH MY ENEMIES, PRETTY ONE! IT WILL BE MUCH BETTER IF WE ARE FRIENDS...
THAT FLAMING CREATURE MUST BE FIREFLY! I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM!

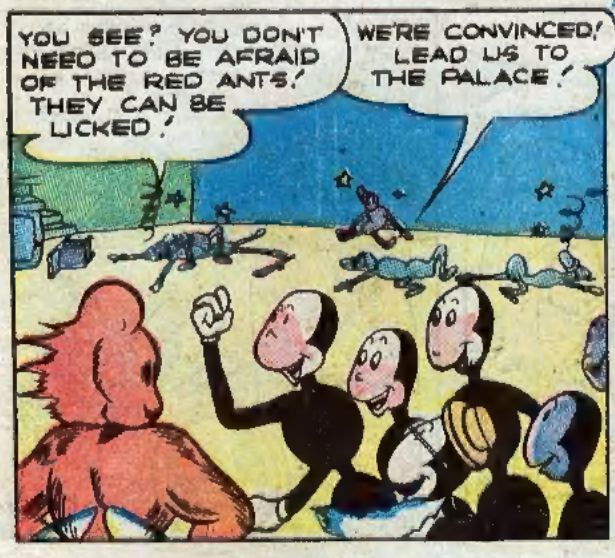

MEANWHILE...
YOU MUST FIGHT FIGHT FOR YOUR LIBERTIES! THE TIME TO REVOLT IS NOW!
BUT THERE ARE SO FEW OF US! THE RED ANTS WILL KILL US ALL! WE CAN'T FIGHT!

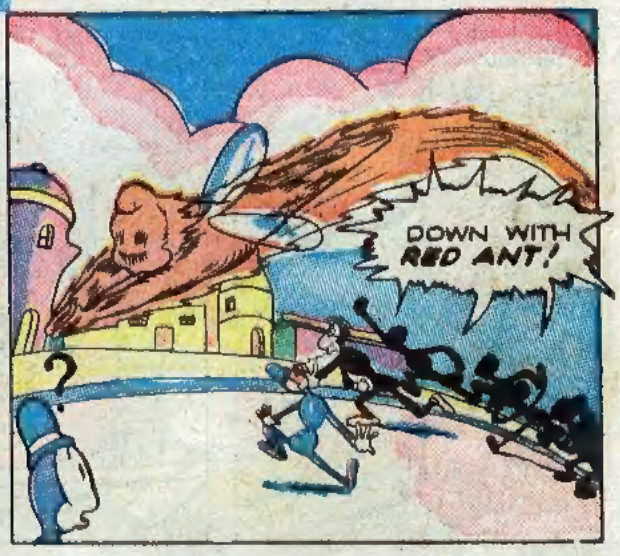

RED ANT ORDERED US TO SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN TOWN TO FIND THE FLAMING CREATURE! SMASH IN THE DOOR!

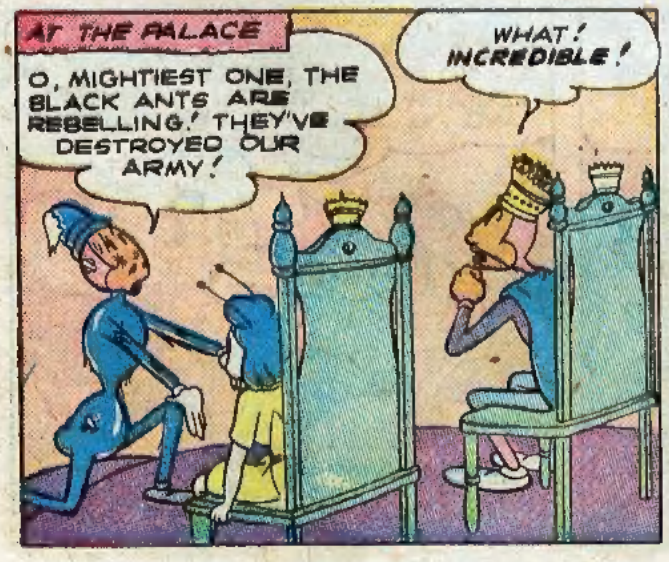

THERE HE IS!
RED ANT SOLDIERS!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT NOW—FOLLOW ME!

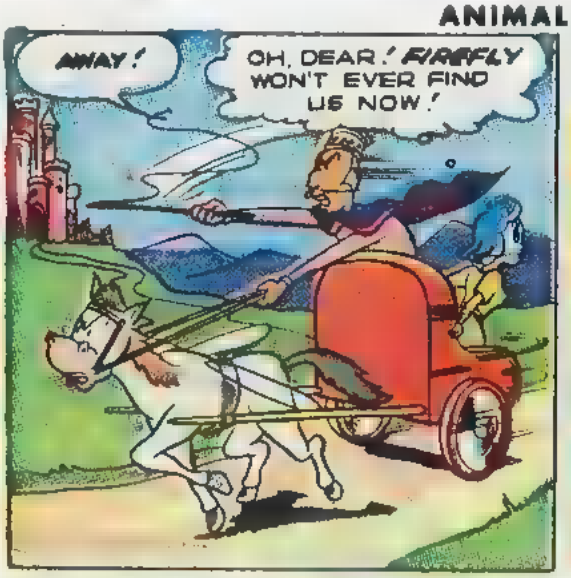

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH!

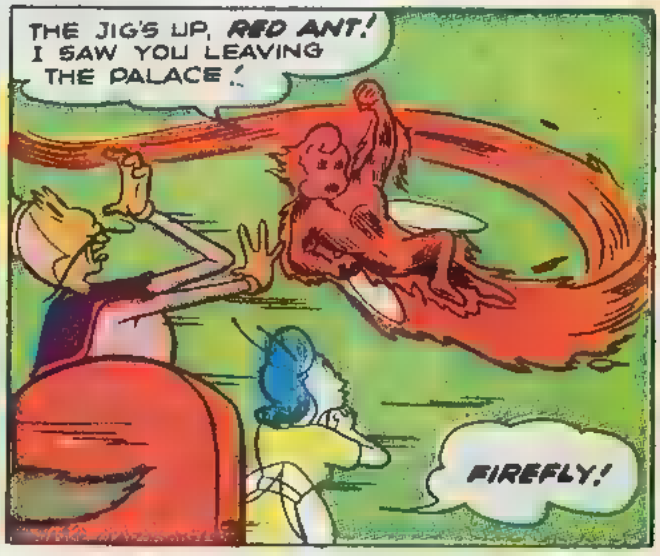

YOU SEE? YOU DON'T NEED TO BE AFRAID OF THE RED ANTS! THEY CAN BE LICKED!
WE'RE CONVINCED! LEAD US TO THE PALACE!

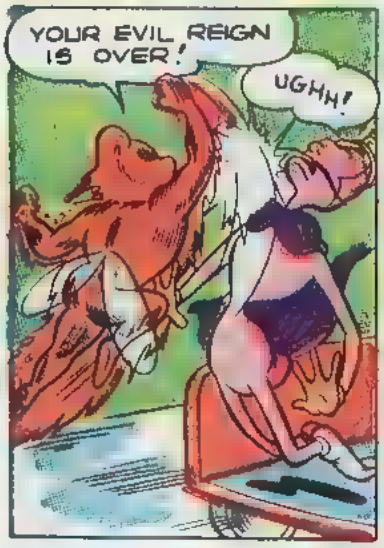

DOWN WITH RED ANT!

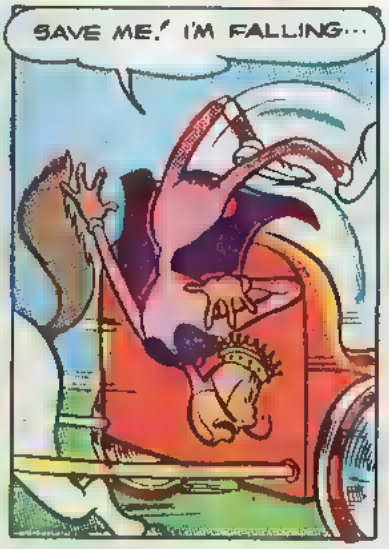

AT THE PALACE
O, MIGHTIEST ONE, THE BLACK ANTS ARE REBELLING! THEY'VE DESTROYED OUR ARMY!
WHAT! INCREDIBLE!

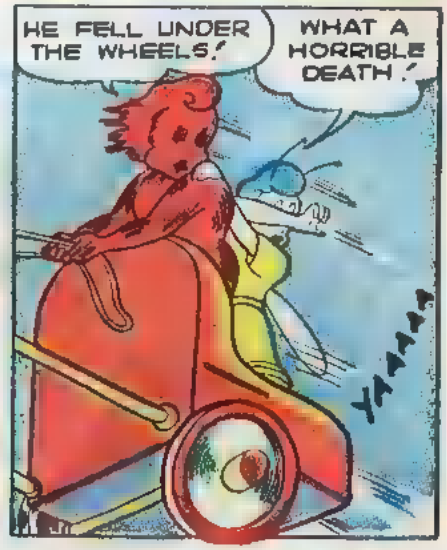
I MUST FLEE! BUT I'LL RETURN WITH A NEW ARMY TO TEACH THE REBELS A LESSON ...

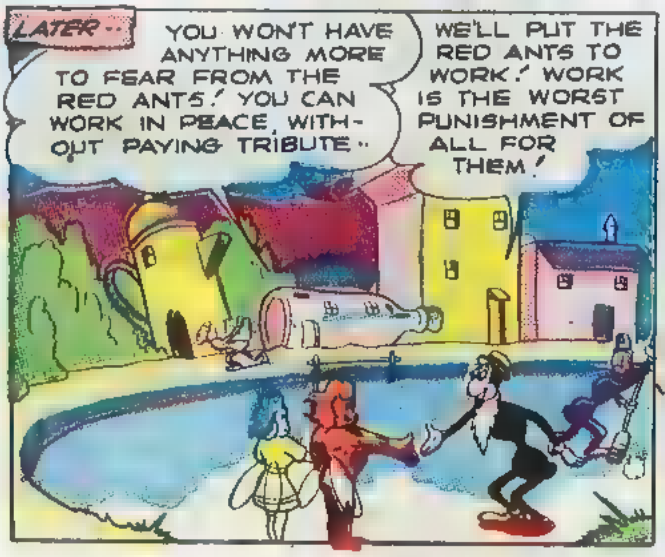

AWAY!
OH, DEAR! FIREFLY WON'T EVER FIND US NOW!

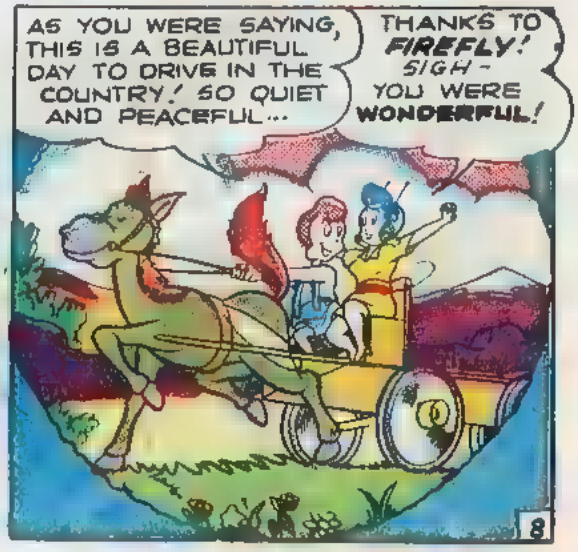

THE JIG'S UP, RED ANT! I SAW YOU LEAVING THE PALACE!
FIREFLY!

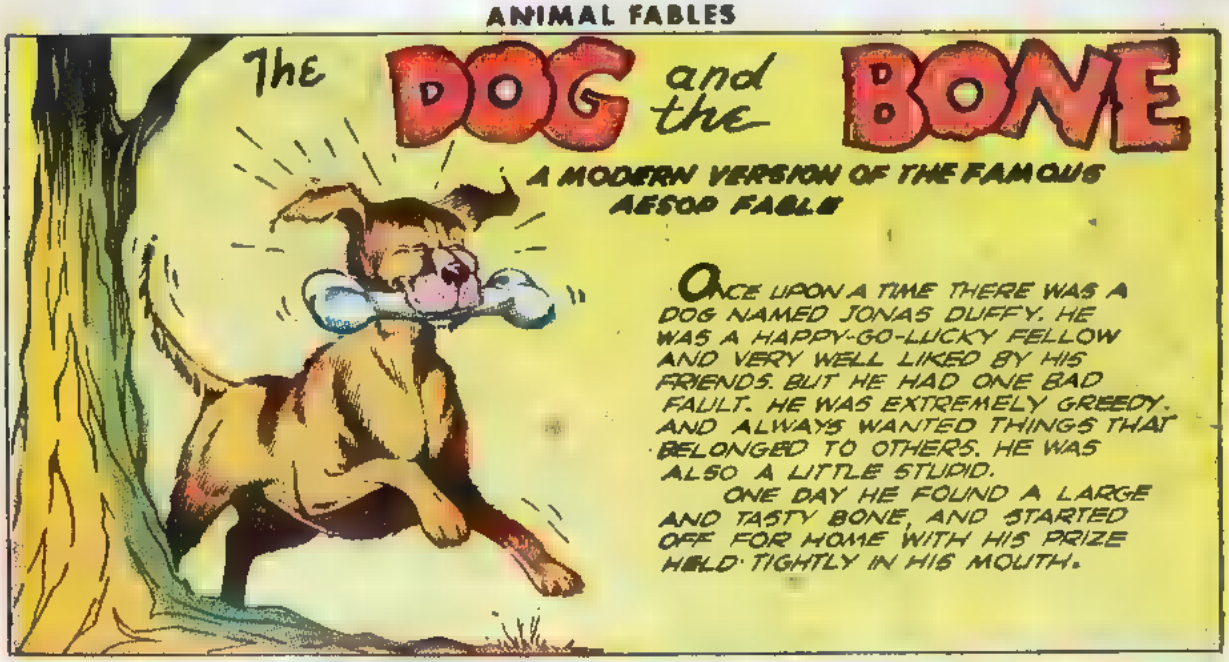

YOUR EVIL REIGN IS OVER!
UGHH!

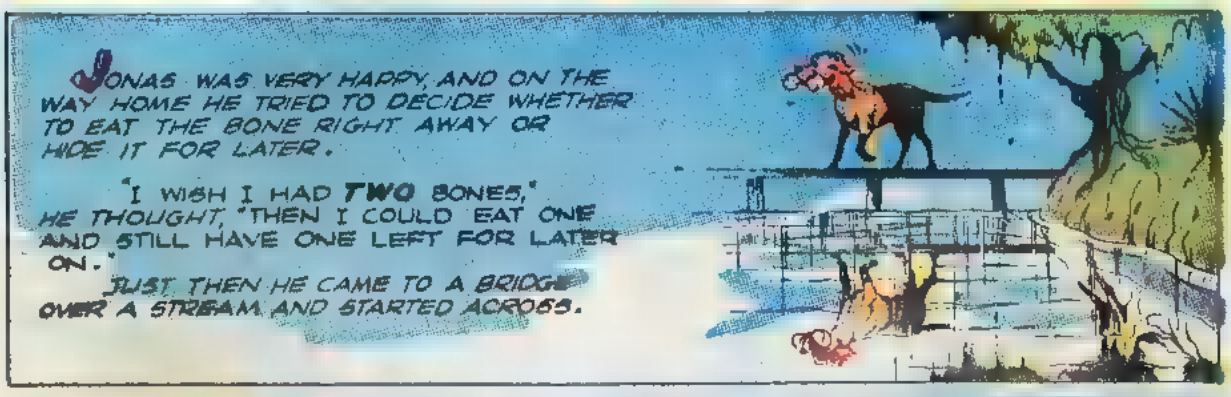

SAVE ME! I'M FALLING...

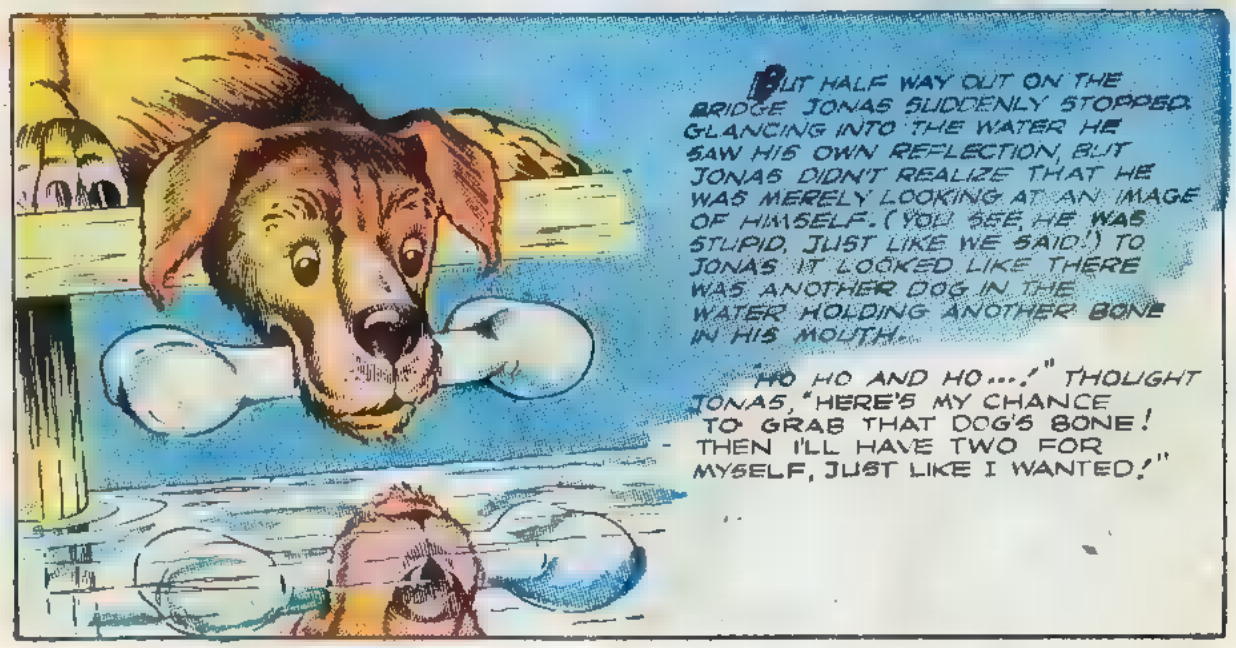

HE FELL UNDER THE WHEELS!
WHAT A HORRIBLE DEATH!
YAAAAA

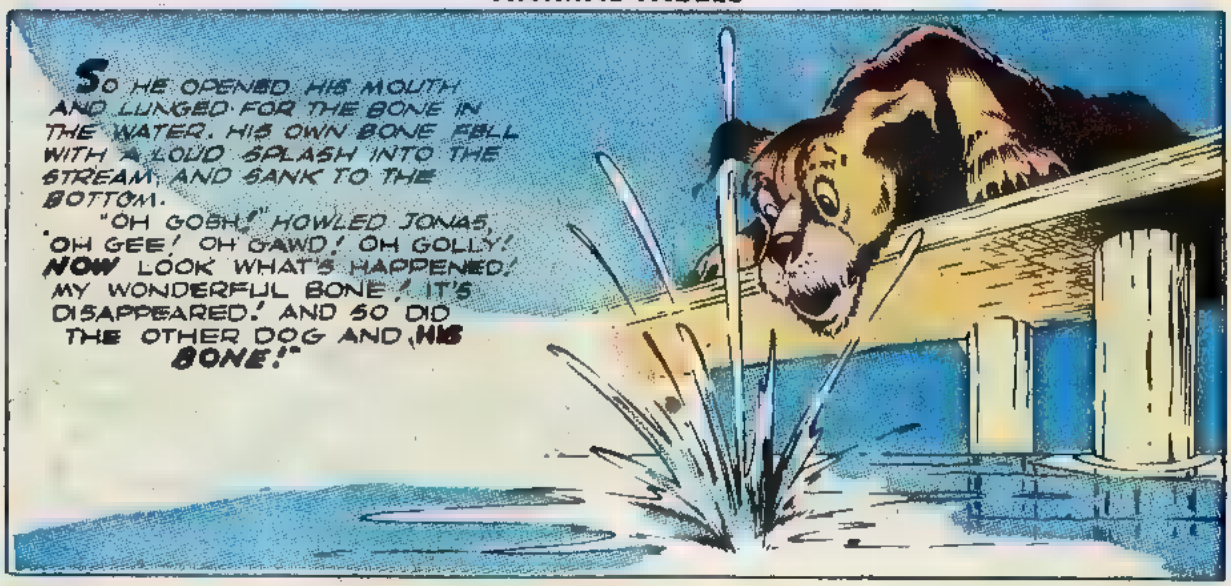

LATER...
YOU WON'T HAVE ANYTHING MORE TO FEAR FROM THE RED ANTS! YOU CAN WORK IN PEACE, WITHOUT PAYING TRIBUTE..
WE'LL PUT THE RED ANTS TO WORK! WORK IS THE WORST PUNISHMENT OF ALL FOR THEM!

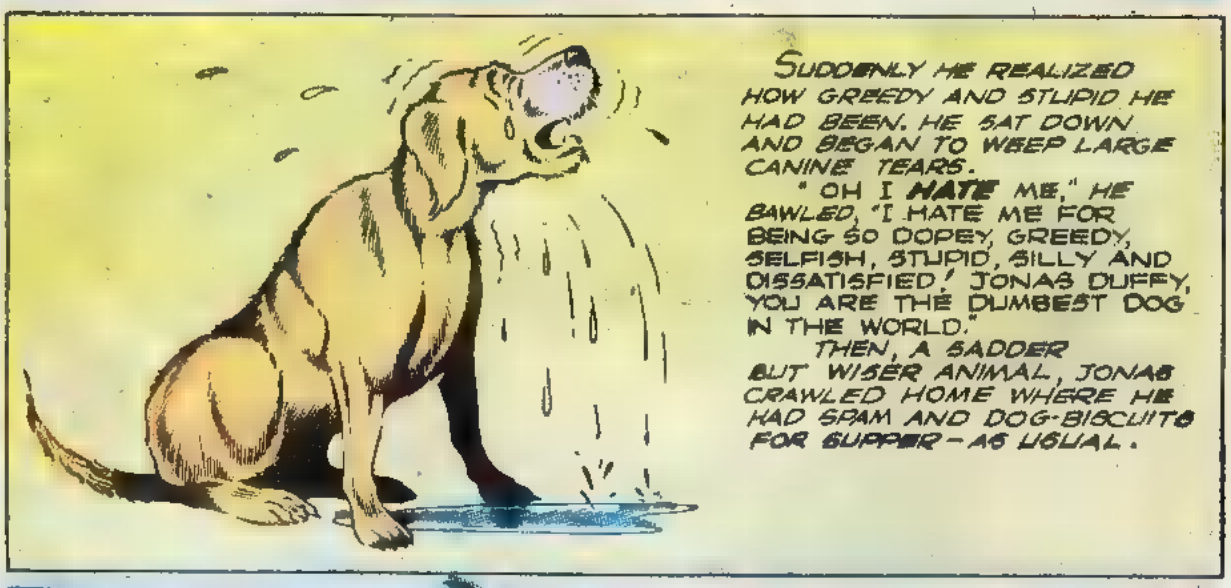

AS YOU WERE SAYING, THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY! SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL...
THANKS TO FIREFLY! SIGH - YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

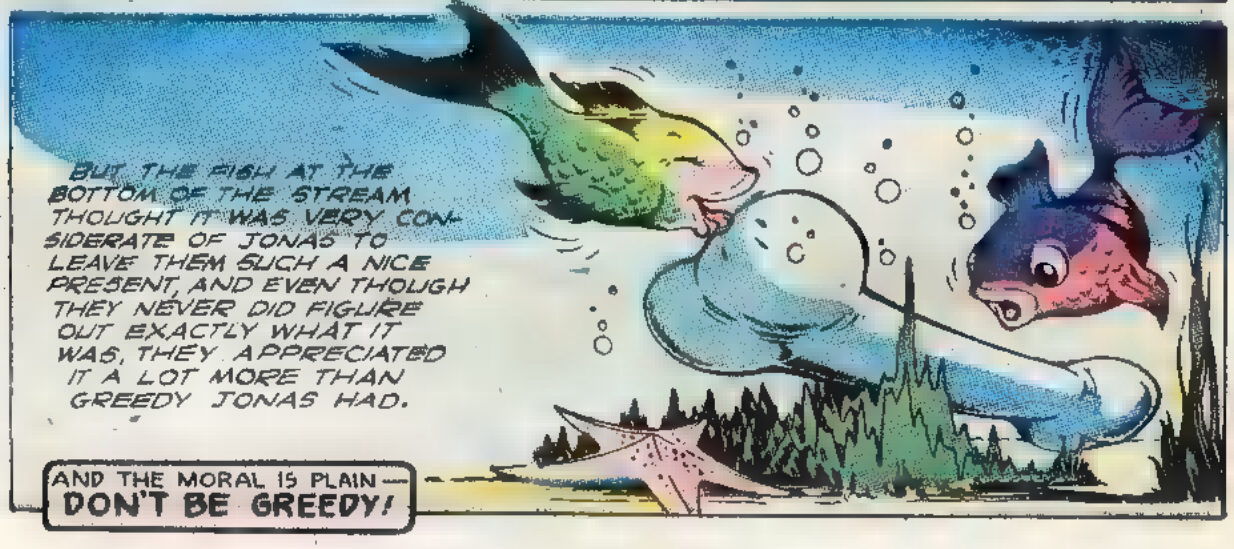

The DOG and the BONE
A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A DOG NAMED JONAS DUFFY. HE WAS A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY FELLOW AND VERY WELL LIKED BY HIS FRIENDS. BUT HE HAD ONE BAD FAULT. HE WAS EXTREMELY GREEDY, AND ALWAYS WANTED THINGS THAT BELONGED TO OTHERS. HE WAS ALSO A LITTLE STUPID.
ONE DAY HE FOUND A LARGE AND TASTY BONE, AND STARTED OFF FOR HOME WITH HIS PRIZE HELD TIGHTLY IN HIS MOUTH.

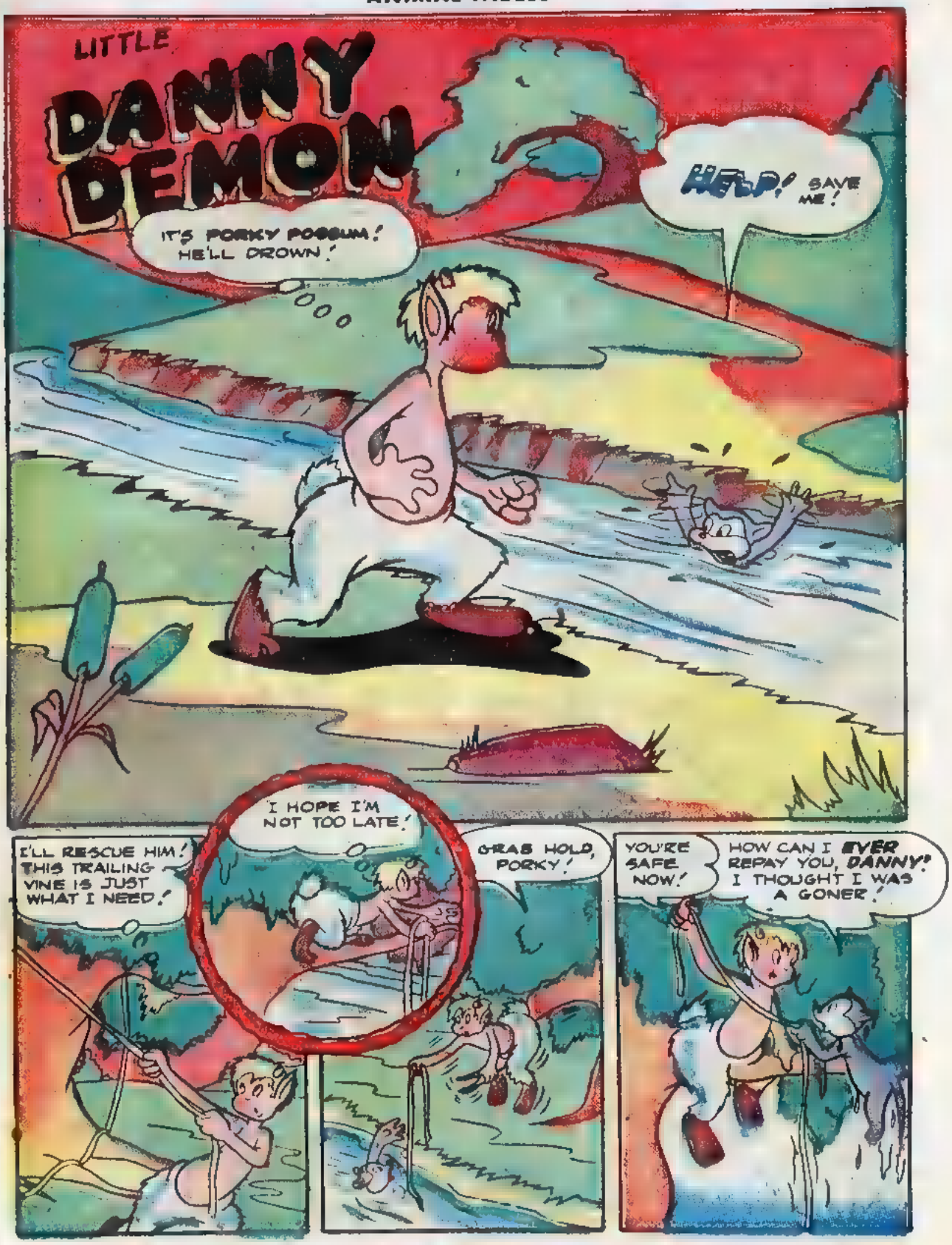

JONAS WAS VERY HAPPY, AND ON THE WAY HOME HE TRIED TO DECIDE WHETHER TO EAT THE BONE RIGHT AWAY OR HIDE IT FOR LATER.
"I WISH I HAD TWO BONES," HE THOUGHT, "THEN I COULD EAT ONE AND STILL HAVE ONE LEFT FOR LATER ON."
JUST THEN HE CAME TO A BRIDGE OVER A STREAM AND STARTED ACROSS.


BUT HALF WAY OUT ON THE BRIDGE JONAS SUDDENLY STOPPED. GLANCING INTO THE WATER HE SAW HIS OWN REFLECTION, BUT JONAS DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HE WAS MERELY LOOKING AT AN IMAGE OF HIMSELF. (YOU SEE, HE WAS STUPID, JUST LIKE WE SAID!) TO JONAS IT LOOKED LIKE THERE WAS ANOTHER DOG IN THE WATER HOLDING ANOTHER BONE IN HIS MOUTH.
"HO HO AND HO...!" THOUGHT JONAS, "HERE'S MY CHANCE TO GRAB THAT DOG'S BONE! THEN I'LL HAVE TWO FOR MYSELF, JUST LIKE I WANTED!"


SO HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND LUNGED FOR THE BONE IN THE WATER. HIS OWN BONE FELL WITH A LOUD SPLASH INTO THE STREAM AND SANK TO THE BOTTOM.
"OH GOSH!" HOWLED JONAS, "OH GEE! OH GAWD! OH GOLLY! NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! MY WONDERFUL BONE! IT'S DISAPPEARED! AND SO DID THE OTHER DOG AND HIS BONE!"

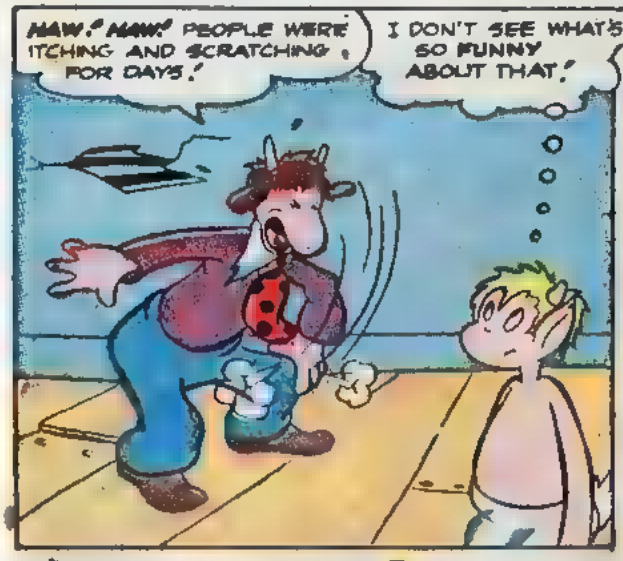

SUDDENLY HE REALIZED HOW GREEDY AND STUPID HE HAD BEEN. HE SAT DOWN AND BEGAN TO WEEP LARGE CANINE TEARS.
"OH I HATE ME," HE BAWLED, "I HATE ME FOR BEING SO DOPEY, GREEDY, SELFISH, STUPID, SILLY AND DISSATISFIED! JONAS DUFFY, YOU ARE THE DUMBEST DOG IN THE WORLD."
THEN, A SADDER BUT WISER ANIMAL, JONAS CRAWLED HOME WHERE HE HAD SPAM AND DOG-BISCUITS FOR SUPPER—AS USUAL.

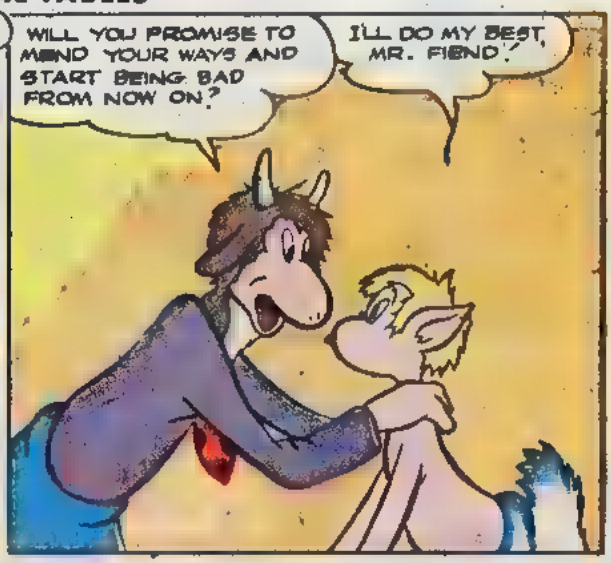

BUT THE FISH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STREAM THOUGHT IT WAS VERY CONSIDERATE OF JONAS TO LEAVE THEM SUCH A NICE PRESENT, AND EVEN THOUGH THEY NEVER DID FIGURE OUT EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS, THEY APPRECIATED IT A LOT MORE THAN GREEDY JONAS HAD.
AND THE MORAL IS PLAIN—
DON'T BE GREEDY!


LITTLE DANNY DEMON
IT'S PORKY POSSUM! HE'LL DROWN!
HELP! SAVE ME!
I'LL RESCUE HIM! THIS TRAILING VINE IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
GRAB HOLD, PORKY!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, DANNY! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

DANNY!
GULP! IT'S MR. FIEND!
I BETTER BLOW!
I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED!
BUT--BUT--
--IF I DIDN'T SAVE HIM, PORKY POSSUM WOULD HAVE DROWNED!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN!
YOU DID ANOTHER GOOD DEED! AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE TAUGHT YOU ABOUT BEING BAD!
DON'T YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A FIEND--LIKE ME? IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT, YOU'LL STAY A PLAIN, ORDINARY LITTLE DEMON ALL YOUR LIFE!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I-I JUST DON'T FEEL VERY WICKED!
HMM! I MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN HIM! I'LL TRY THE SENTIMENTAL APPROACH!
OHHH! THE BITTER SHAME OF IT! TO THINK THAT MY KINDNESS SHOULD BE MET WITH SUCH INGRATITUDE!
2

BETTER A QUICK, MERCIFUL DEATH THAN THE PAIN OF LIVING UNWANTED, UNAPPRECIATED, BETRAYED BY THE VERY ONE IN WHOM I TRUSTED!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FELT THIS WAY!
I'LL TRY TO DO BETTER!
YOU WILL?
HEH! HEH! IT WORKED!
THIS SCRAP BOOK HAS PICTURES OF ME WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE DEMON LIKE YOURSELF! OH, I WAS BAD IN THOSE DAYS—
GOLLY! I WISH I COULD LIKE BEING BAD!
WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE MORE FUN BEING GOOD?
HERE'S A PICTURE OF ME TAKEN THE FIRST TIME THEY PUT ME IN JAIL!
NO JAIL COULD HOLD ME FOR LONG! THE VERY NEXT NIGHT I CONKED THE JAILER AND ESCAPED!
I HAD A FRIEND TAKE THIS PICTURE! IT WAS A GREAT MOMENT IN MY LIFE! THE VERY FIRST PENNIES I EVER STOLE FROM A BLIND MAN!
AH—THOSE WERE THE HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I SUBSTITUTED ITCHING POWDER FOR THE TALCUM IN THE TURKISH BATH—
WHAT HAPPENED?

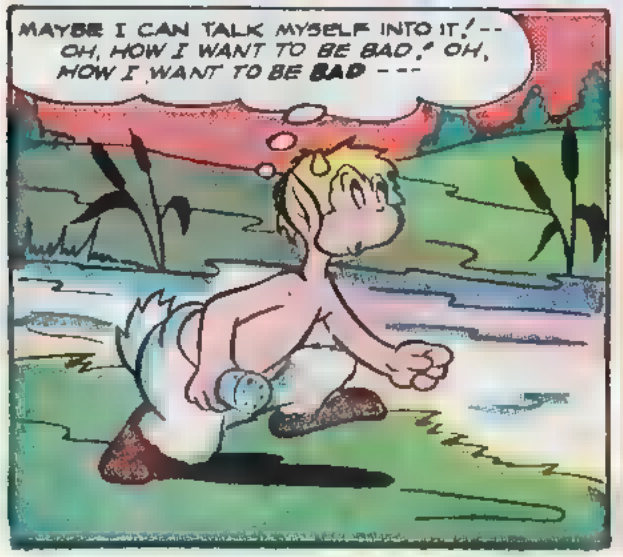

HAW! HAW! PEOPLE WERE ITCHING AND SCRATCHING FOR DAYS!
I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT!

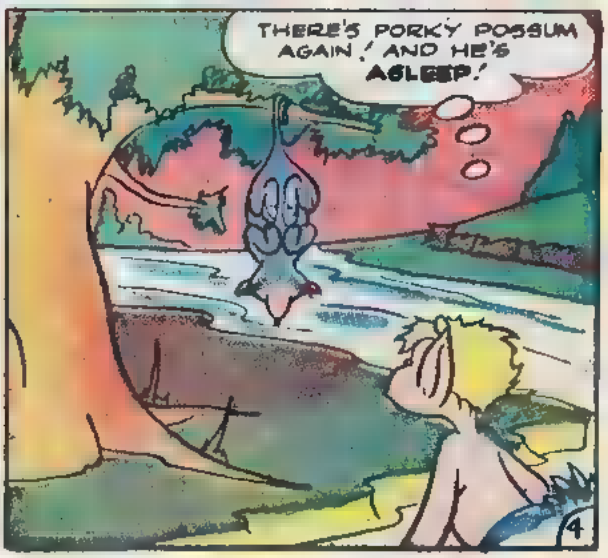

WILL YOU PROMISE TO MEND YOUR WAYS AND START BEING BAD FROM NOW ON?
I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. FIEND!

GOOD! THEN I'VE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!

YOUR VERY OWN CAN OF ITCHING POWDER! I KNOW YOU'LL (HEH-HEH) FIND A GOOD USE FOR IT!
THANK YOU!

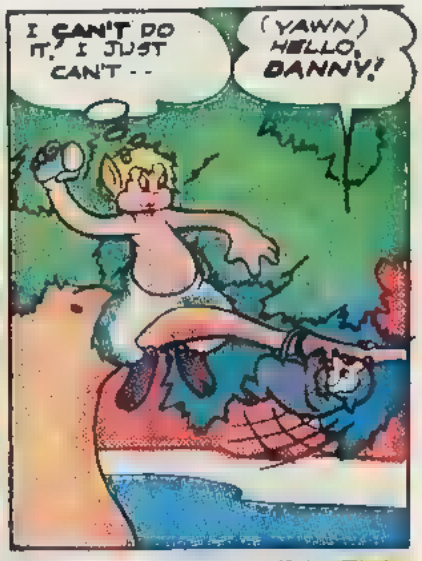
DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE DONE AT LEAST ONE BAD DEED FOR TODAY!
YES, MR. FIEND!

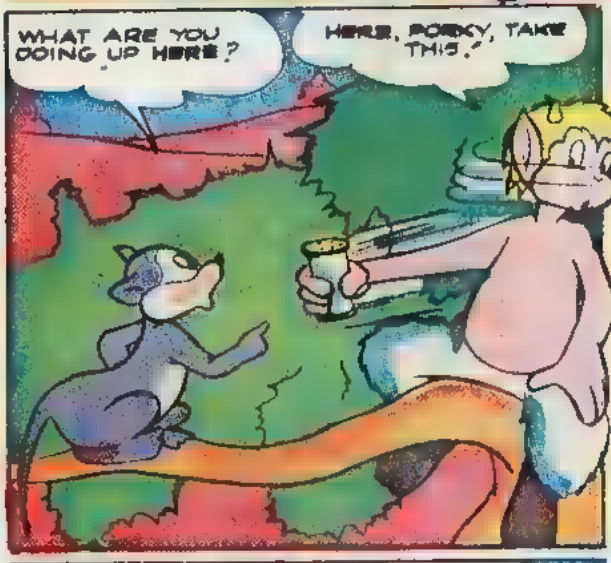

MAYBE I CAN TALK MYSELF INTO IT! -- OH, HOW I WANT TO BE BAD! OH, HOW I WANT TO BE BAD ---

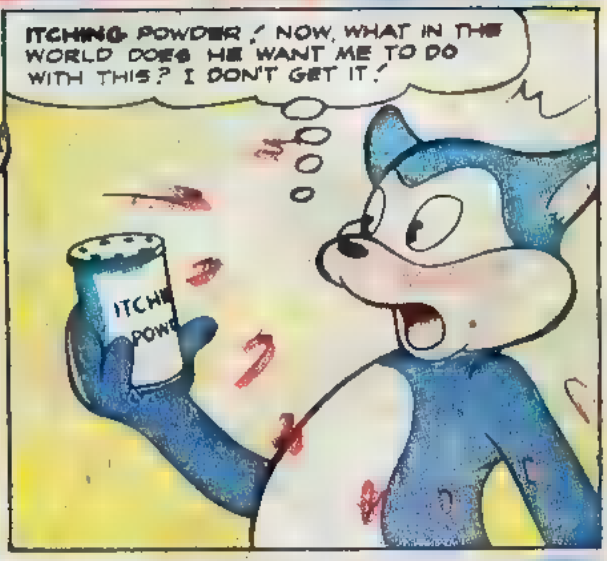

THERE'S PORKY POSSUM AGAIN! AND HE'S ASLEEP!

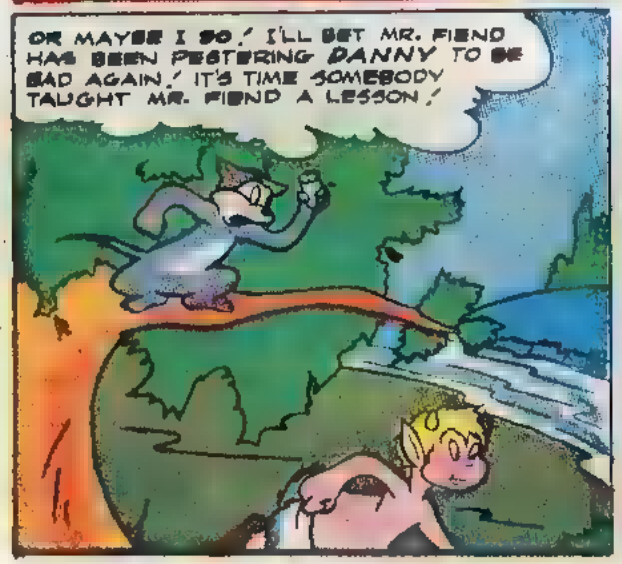
I'LL SPRINKLE SOME OF THIS ITCHING POWDER ON HIS TAIL!

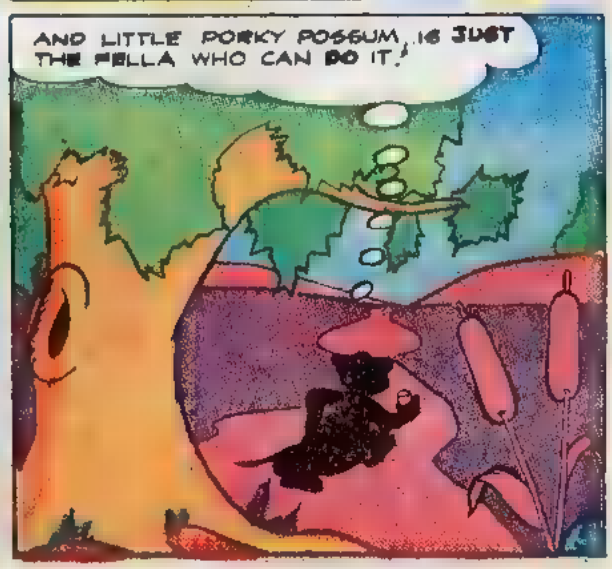
BUT IF I DO, HE'S LIABLE TO LET GO OF THE TREE BRANCH! HE MIGHT FALL INTO THE RIVER AND DROWN!


I CAN'T DO IT! I JUST CAN'T - -
(YAWN) HELLO, DANNY!

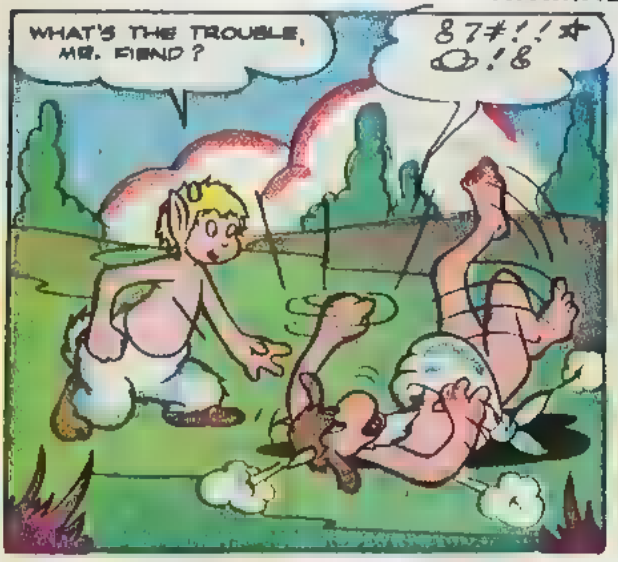

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?
HERE, PORKY, TAKE THIS!

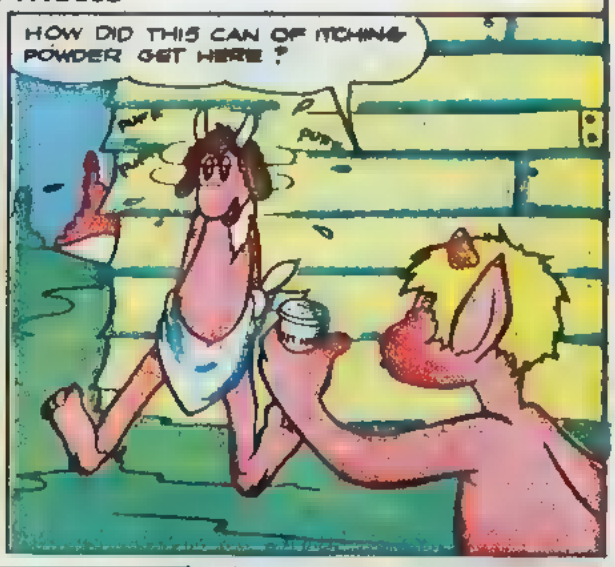

ITCHING POWDER! NOW, WHAT IN THE WORLD DOES HE WANT ME TO DO WITH THIS? I DON'T GET IT!


OR MAYBE I SO! I'LL BET MR. FIEND HAS BEEN PESTERING DANNY TO BE BAD AGAIN! IT'S TIME SOMEBODY TAUGHT MR. FIEND A LESSON!

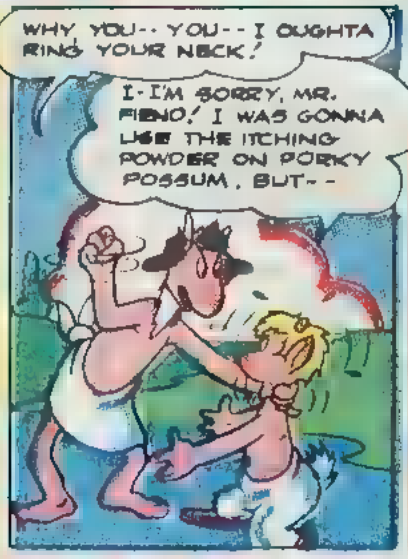

AND LITTLE PORKY POSSUM IS JUST THE FELLA WHO CAN DO IT!

♪ TRA-LA-LA! ♪
THIS IS PERFECT! MR. FIEND IS TAKING A SHOWER!
IS THAT YOU, DANNY!
HE'LL BE USING THE TALCUM POWDER SOON!
ITCH POWD
TALCU
THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMEBODY!
OH WELL, I MUST HAVE BEEN IMAGINING THINGS!
SOME &+!? BUG MUSTA BITTEN ME!
I'M ITCHING ALL OVER!
EEEOWW! I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE!

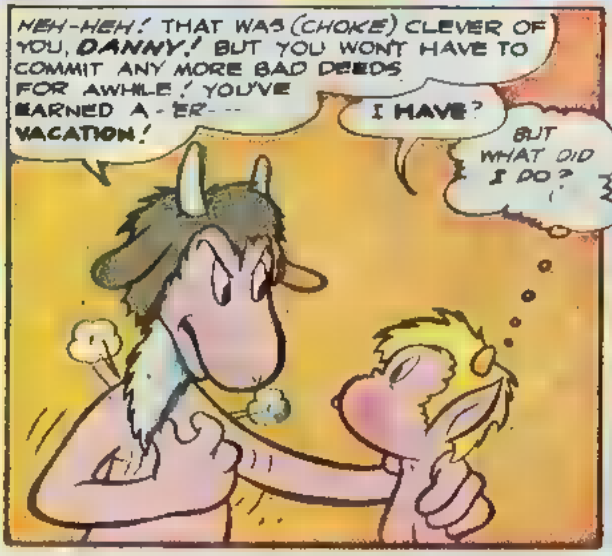

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. FIEND?
87#!!☆ @!&

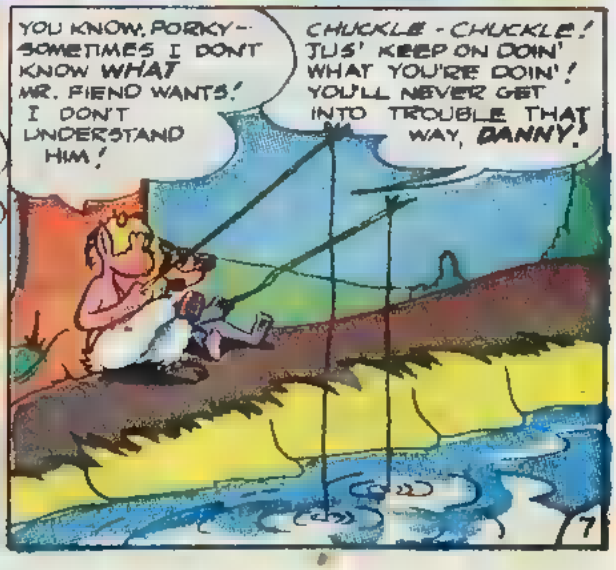

HOW DID THIS CAN OF ITCHING POWDER GET HERE?

ITCHING POWDER?

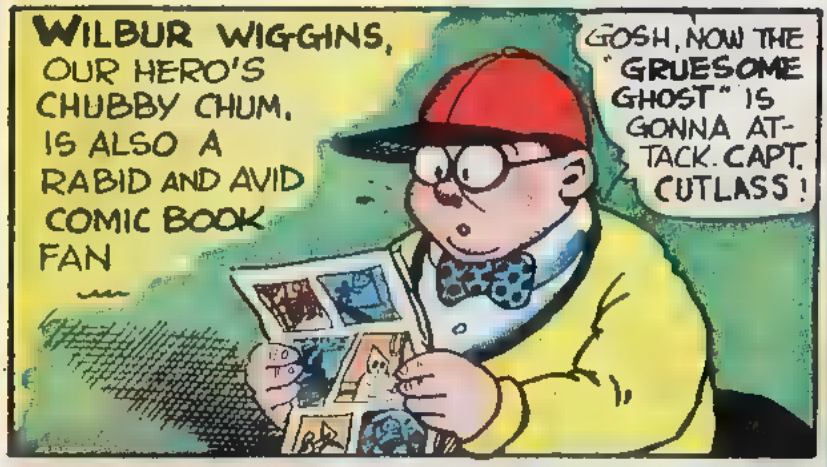

WHY YOU-- YOU-- I OUGHTA RING YOUR NECK!
I-I'M SORRY, MR. FIEND! I WAS GONNA USE THE ITCHING POWDER ON PORKY POSSUM, BUT--

SO HE USED IT ON ME INSTEAD! IF I PUNISH HIM NOW, HE'LL NEVER COMMIT ANOTHER BAD DEED! WHAT TO DO?

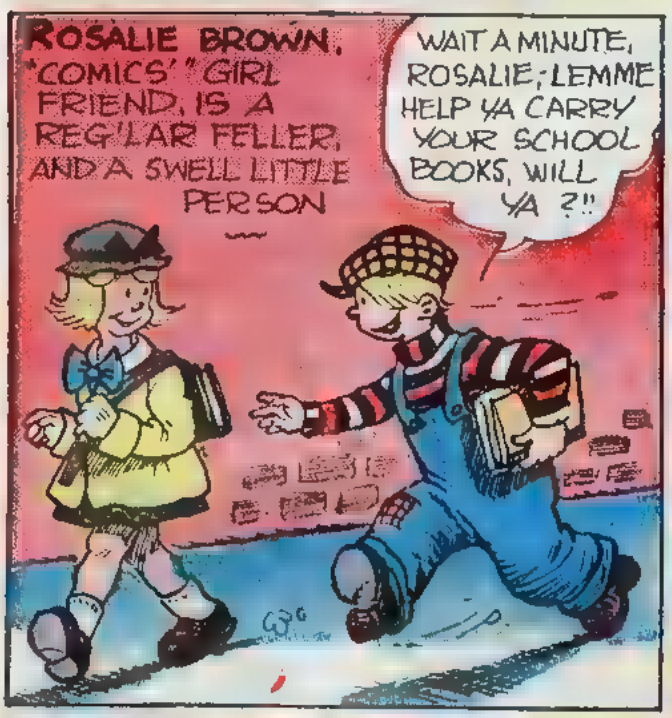

HEH-HEH! THAT WAS (CHOKE) CLEVER OF YOU, DANNY! BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMMIT ANY MORE BAD DEEDS FOR AWHILE! YOU'VE EARNED A-ER-- VACATION!
I HAVE?
BUT WHAT DID I DO?

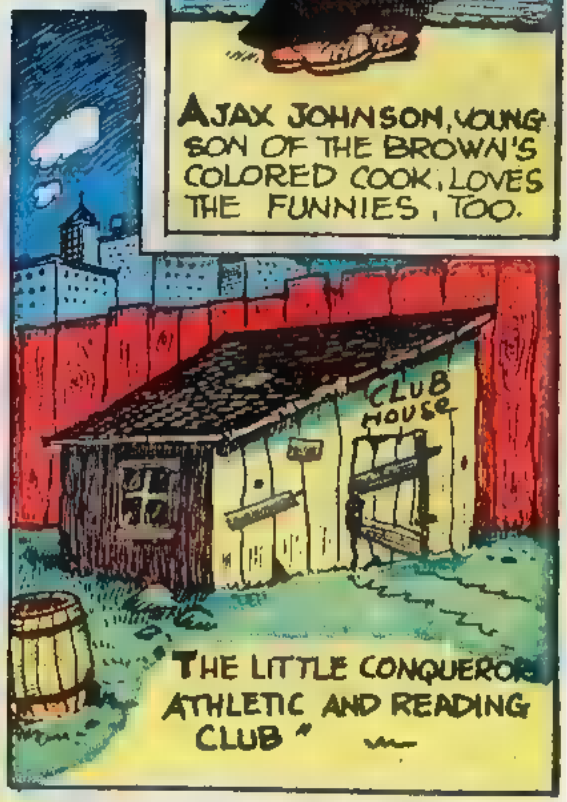

YOU KNOW, PORKY-- SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT MR. FIEND WANTS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM!
CHUCKLE-CHUCKLE! JUS' KEEP ON DOIN' WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO TROUBLE THAT WAY, DANNY!

FOLKS, WE WANT YOU TO MEET
"COMICS" McCORMICK
"THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN"
BY Ed Wheelan
"COMICS" IS A DAYDREAMING KID WHO GOES IN FOR SOME OF THE WILDEST, MOST EXCITING MENTAL MEANDERINGS YOU EVER HEARD OF
FREE BOYS AND GIRLS SEND TODAY
BIG CATALOG
COMICS
BUT COME ON NOW AND LET'S MEET HIS MOM AND SISTER AND SOME OF HIS OTHER PALS.
MARY McCORMICK HIS MOTHER, HAS A PART-TIME JOB IN A NEAR BY FACTORY
IT'S A GOOD THING I'M NOT A DAY-DREAMER LIKE MY DEAR LITTLE SON!
CONNIE McCORMICK, HIS BLONDE SISTER, IS ANOTHER FAMILY BREAD-WINNER, ACTING AS A PRIVATE SECRETARY

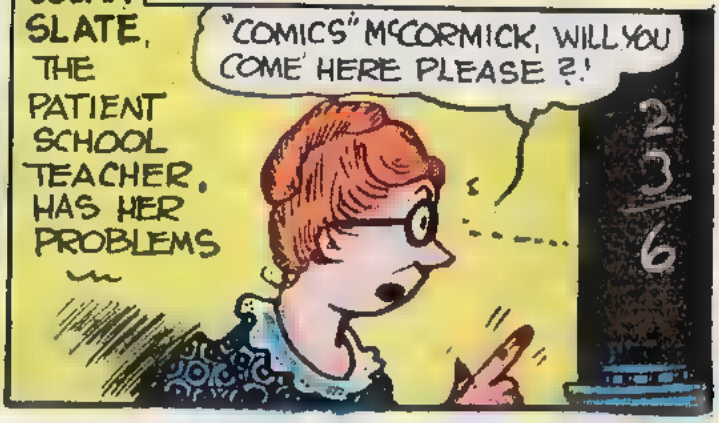


AJAX JOHNSON, YOUNG SON OF THE BROWN'S COLORED COOK, LOVES THE FUNNIES, TOO.





OFFICER KELLY IS THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD COP



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF "COMICS" McCORMICK

. . . THE WORLD'S No. 1 COMIC BOOK FAN . . . WHICH APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF FAT AND SLAT!

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER!

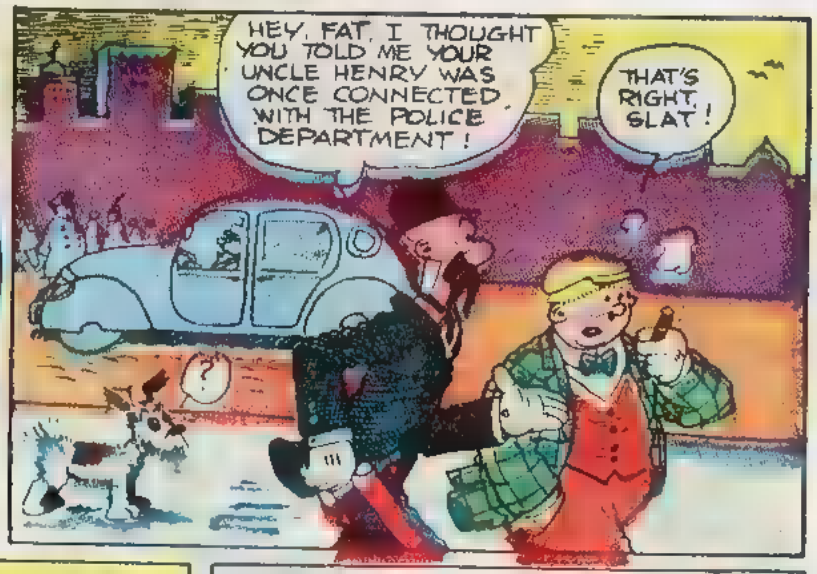
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

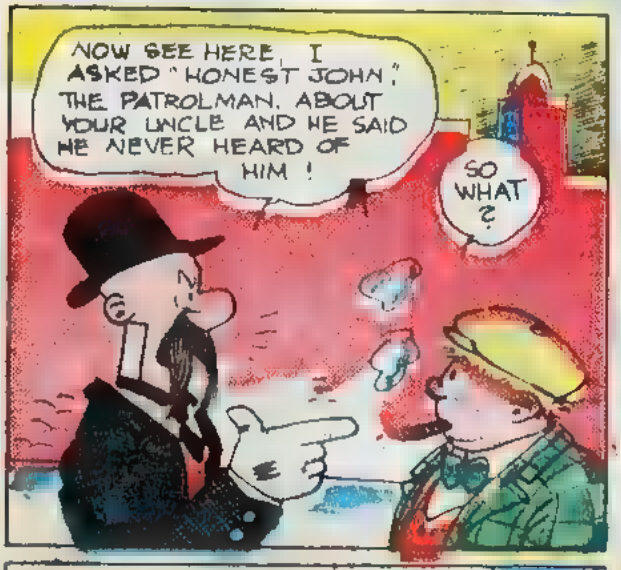
There's a good rich diet of gags and brags waiting for you in this brand-new Carnival of Fun!

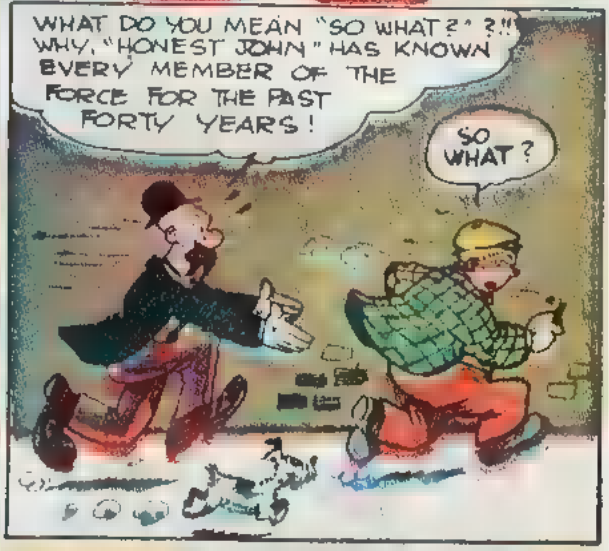
Fat and Slat . . . the famous comedy team . . . are here in person to keep you laughing from cover-to-cover!

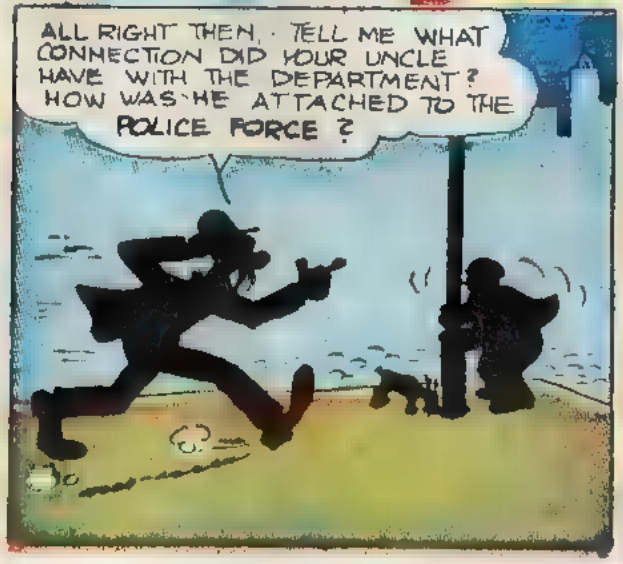
Remember . . . for a laugh-a-minute . . . it's FAT AND SLAT No. 1, . . . on your favorite newsstand!

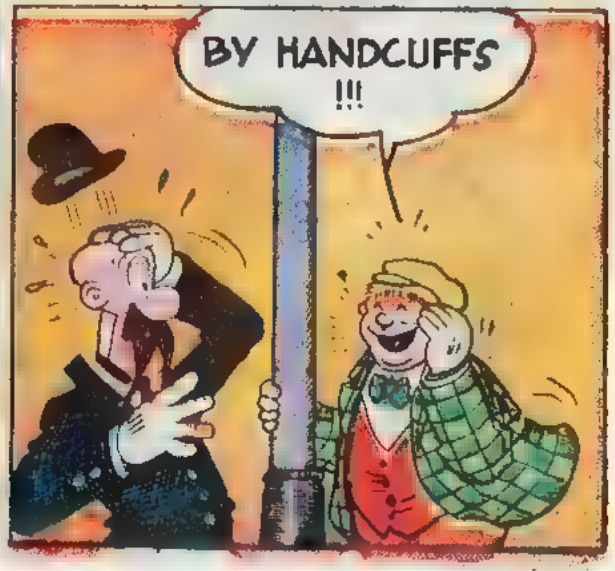
FAT
and
SLAT


HEY, FAT, I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOUR UNCLE HENRY WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!
THAT'S RIGHT, SLAT!

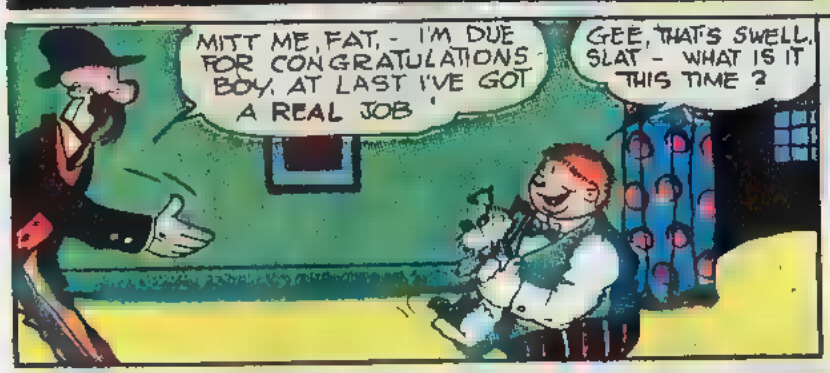

NOW SEE HERE, I ASKED "HONEST JOHN", THE PATROLMAN, ABOUT YOUR UNCLE AND HE SAID HE NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
SO WHAT?

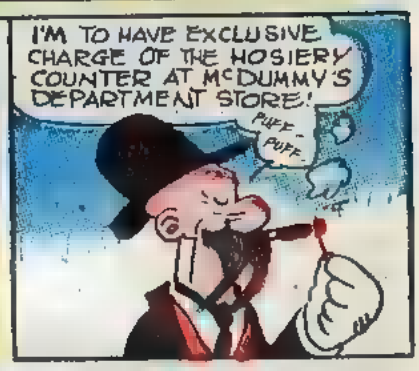

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SO WHAT?"?!! WHY, "HONEST JOHN" HAS KNOWN EVERY MEMBER OF THE FORCE FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS!
SO WHAT?


ALL RIGHT THEN, TELL ME WHAT CONNECTION DID YOUR UNCLE HAVE WITH THE DEPARTMENT? HOW WAS HE ATTACHED TO THE POLICE FORCE?


BY HANDCUFFS !!!

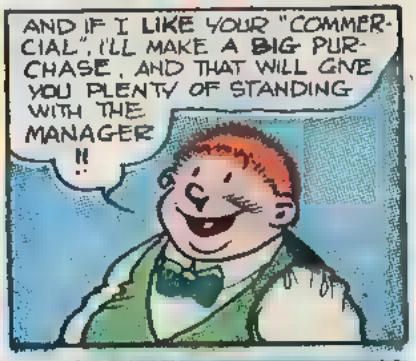
FAT and SLAT

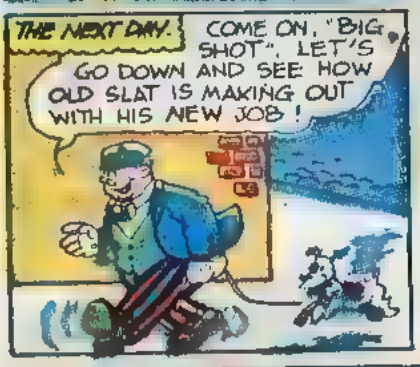

MITT ME, FAT, - I'M DUE FOR CONGRATULATIONS BOY, AT LAST I'VE GOT A REAL JOB!
GEE, THAT'S SWELL, SLAT - WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?


I'M TO HAVE EXCLUSIVE CHARGE OF THE HOSIERY COUNTER AT McDUMMY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!
PUFF-PUFF

YEP, I START IN TOMORROW SO I'VE GOT TO GET MY SALES TALK DOWN PAT!
SAY, I NEED SOME SOCKS!

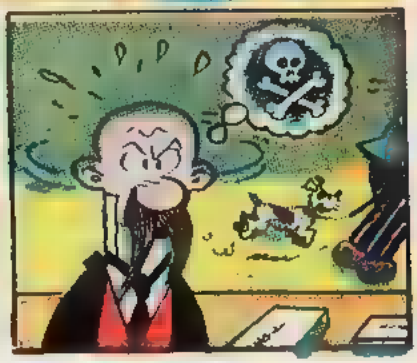
GOOD! WHY DON'T YOU COME IN EARLY AND I'LL TRY MY SPIEL OUT ON YOU?!!
OKAY!


AND IF I LIKE YOUR "COMMERCIAL", I'LL MAKE A BIG PURCHASE, AND THAT WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF STANDING WITH THE MANAGER!!


THE NEXT DAY.
COME ON, "BIG SHOT", LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE HOW OLD SLAT IS MAKING OUT WITH HIS NEW JOB!

AH, HERE COMES FAT! I'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM WITH MY SALES TALK NOW!
AH, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODAY?
SOCKS
SHOW ME SOME SOCKS!

NOW TAKE THESE HANDSOME, HANDMADE SOCKS, SIR, - THEY'RE OUR VERY LATEST TRIUMPH IN DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP, PRICED FAR LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE, AND ABSOLUTELY GUARANTED TO BE HOLE-PROOF, SHOCK-PROOF, AND MOTH-PROOF! IN FACT, SIR, A REMARKABLE YARN!!
I'LL SAY! AND YOU TELL IT VERY WELL, TOO!

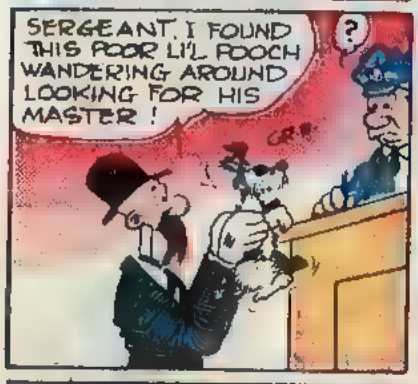


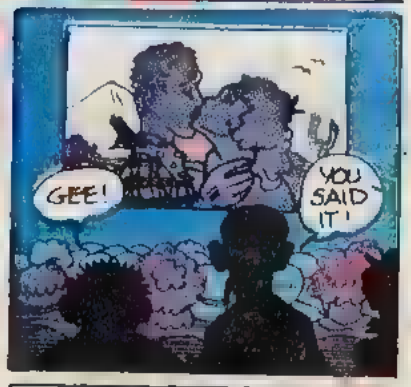
FAT and SLAT

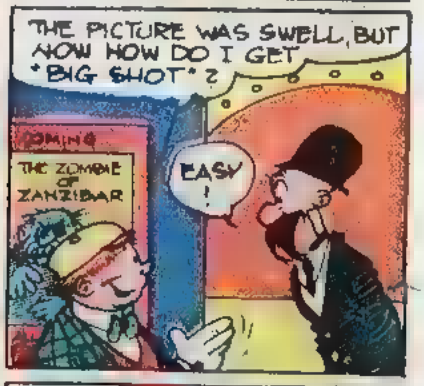
COME ON, "BIG SHOT" - LET'S GO FOR A WALK!

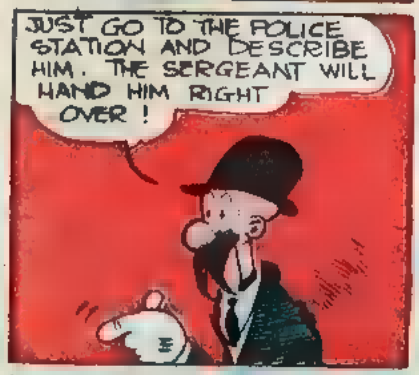
'LO, FAT! SAY, "WOLF OF THE WEST" IS SHOWING AT THE AGME - LET'S GO!
WHAT ABOUT "BIG SHOT"?

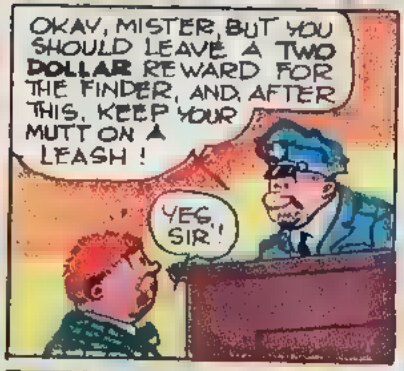
OH, WE'LL LEAVE HIM AT THE POLICE STATION.- I'LL FIX IT. BUT FIRST TAKE OFF HIS COLLAR AND LICENSE TAG!

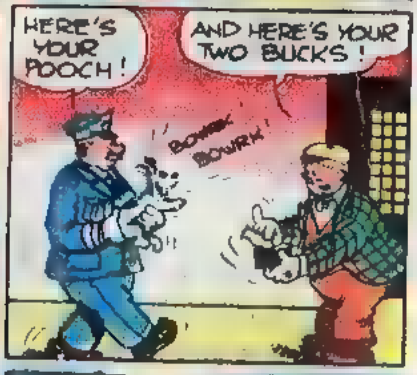

SERGEANT, I FOUND THIS POOR LI'L POOCH WANDERING AROUND LOOKING FOR HIS MASTER!
?

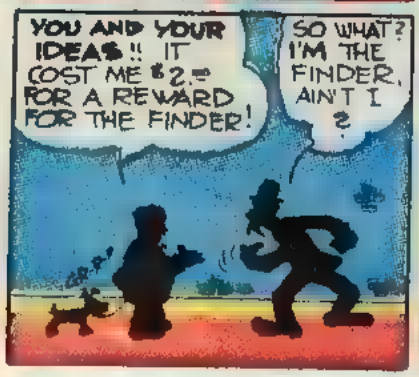

GEE!
YOU SAID IT!


THE PICTURE WAS SWELL, BUT NOW HOW DO I GET "BIG SHOT"?
COMING
THE ZOMBIE OF ZANZIBAR
EASY!

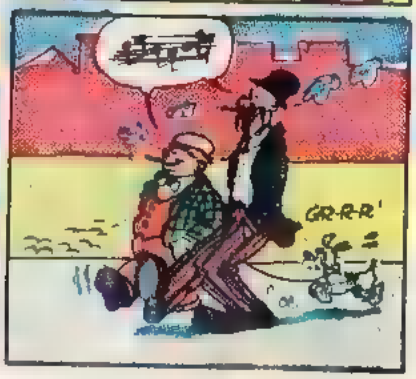

JUST GO TO THE POLICE STATION AND DESCRIBE HIM. THE SERGEANT WILL HAND HIM RIGHT OVER!


OKAY, MISTER, BUT YOU SHOULD LEAVE A TWO DOLLAR REWARD FOR THE FINDER, AND, AFTER THIS, KEEP YOUR MUTT ON A LEASH!
YES, SIR!


HERE'S YOUR POOCH!
AND HERE'S YOUR TWO BUCKS!
BOWWW BOWWW!

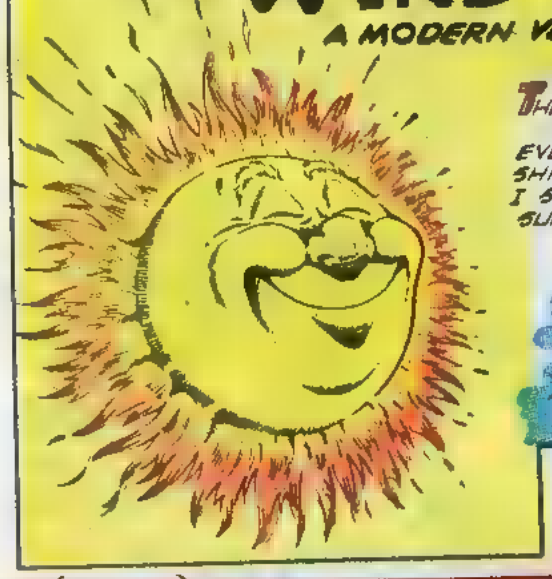

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!! IT COST ME $2.00 FOR A REWARD FOR THE FINDER!
SO WHAT? I'M THE FINDER, AIN'T I?
GR-R-R!

THANKS, SARGE, - I'M SURE GLAD I DROPPED IN AGAIN!
THE TWO BUCKS


GR-R-R!

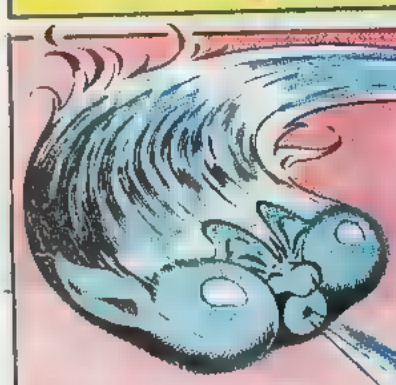
The WIND and the SUN ...

A MODERN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS AESOP FABLE



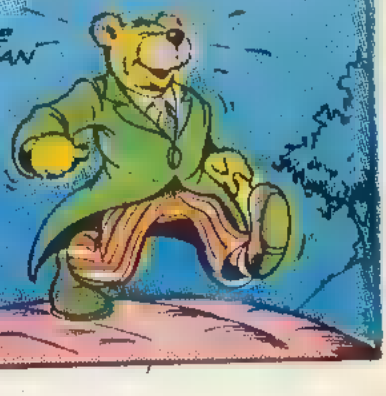
THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY.
THE SUN THOUGHT: "MY, HOW PLEASED EVERYBODY MUST BE TO SEE ME UP HERE SHINING SO CHEERFULLY. EVERYWHERE I LOOK, I SEE SUNLIGHT, AND IT IS WELL-KNOWN THAT SUNLIGHT MAKES PEOPLE HAPPY."

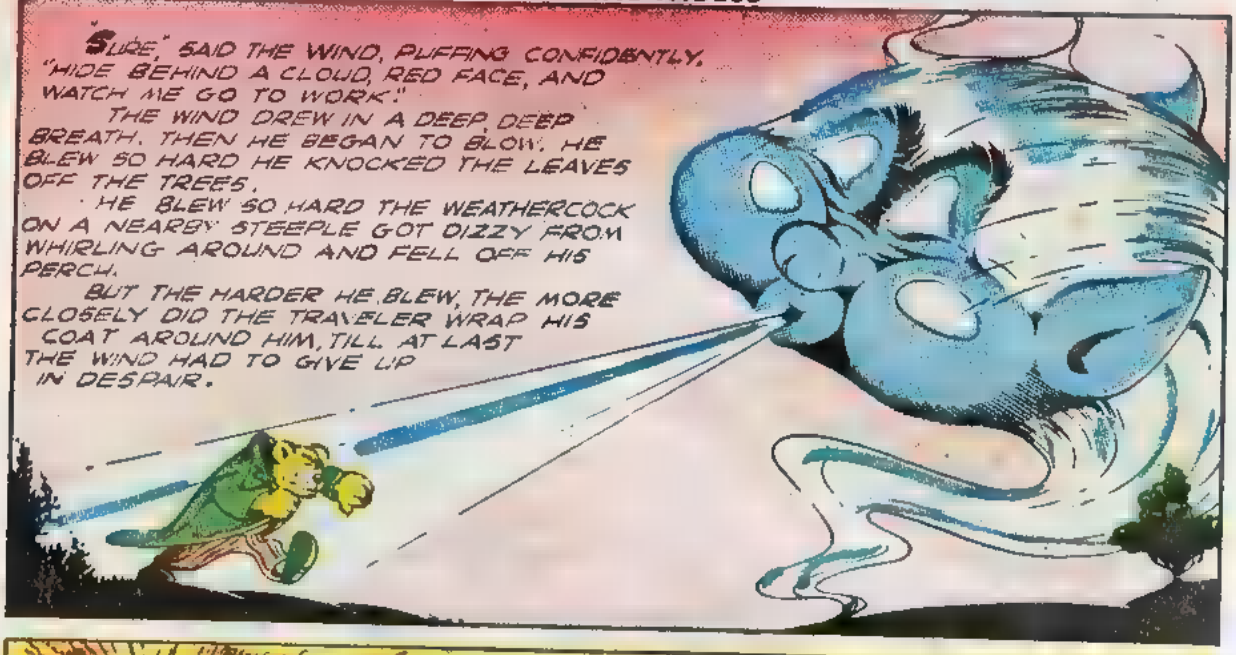
JUST THEN, A CLOUD BLEW ACROSS THE FACE OF THE SUN, OBSCURING IT FROM SIGHT. THE SUN BECAME VERY ANGRY. "IT'S THAT WICKED WIND AGAIN," HE THOUGHT. "HE'S ALWAYS JEALOUS OF ME."

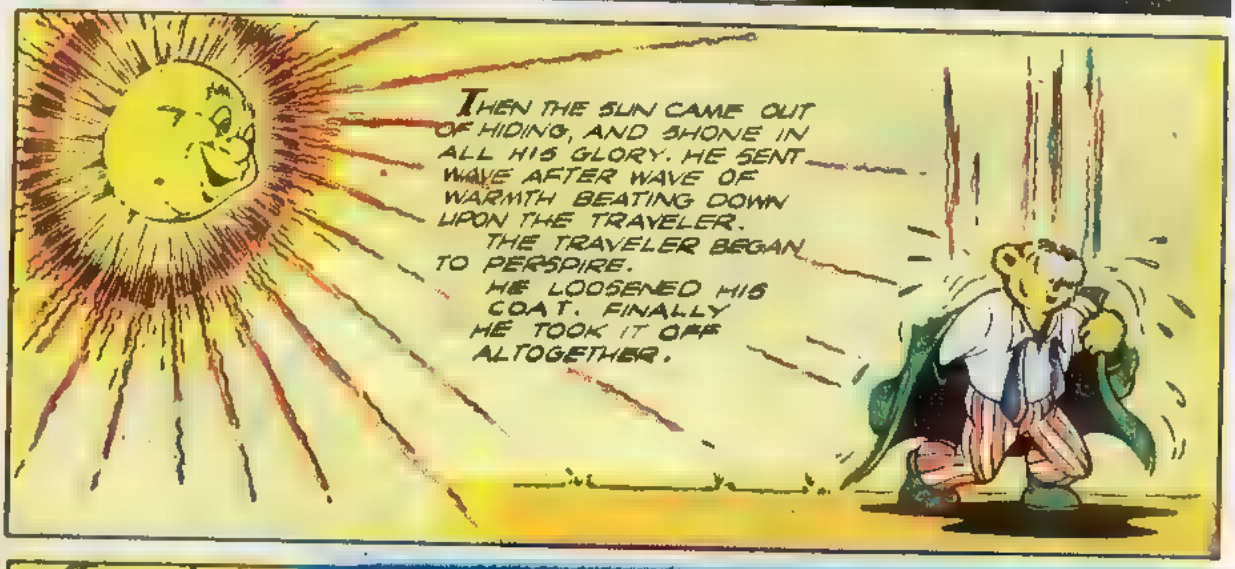


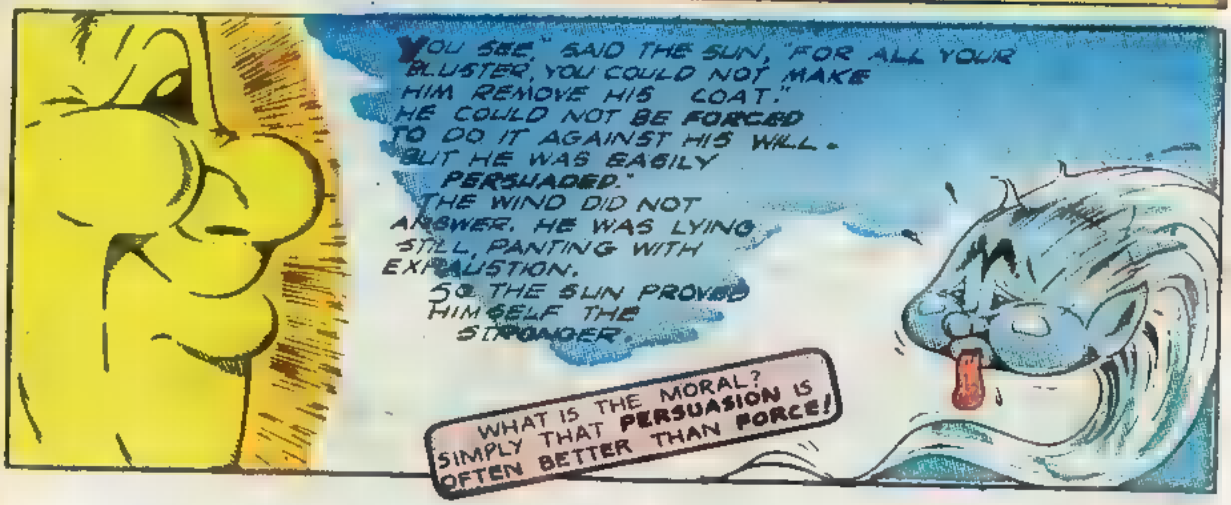
"JEALOUS!" SAID A VOICE. "HA-HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE. WHY SHOULD I BE JEALOUS OF A POT-BELLIED BALL OF BUTTER LIKE **YOU**?"
TURNING, THE SUN SAW IT WAS HIS RIVAL, THE WIND.
"EVERYBODY KNOWS I'M STRONGER THAN YOU," THE WIND CONTINUED, SPEAKING IN GUSTS. "LOOK HOW HARD I CAN BLOW."
AND SAYING THIS HE EXPELLED A BREATH THAT SENT A MASS OF CLOUDS SCURRYING RAPIDLY ACROSS THE SKY.

"NONSENSE," REPLIED THE SUN. "YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING THE SAME ABSURD CLAIM. BUT I KNOW A WAY TO SETTLE OUR DISPUTE. DO YOU SEE THAT TRAVELER ON THAT ROAD FAR BELOW?"
"OF COURSE I SEE HIM," SAID THE WIND TESTILY. "MY EYES ARE AS GOOD AS YOURS ANY DAY. AND I CAN SEE AT NIGHT TOO."
FOR THE WIND COULD NEVER STOP BE-LITTLING THE SUN.
"WELL, SAID THE SUN, UNPERTURBED BY THIS PETTY CRITICISM. "WHICHEVER OF US CAN CAUSE THAT TRAVELER TO TAKE OFF HIS COAT SHALL BE REGARDED AS THE STRONGER, AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE ARGUMENT ABOUT IT. DO YOU WANT TO TRY IT?"




"SURE," SAID THE WIND, PUFFING CONFIDENTLY. "HIDE BEHIND A CLOUD, RED FACE, AND WATCH ME GO TO WORK!"
THE WIND DREW IN A DEEP, DEEP BREATH. THEN HE BEGAN TO BLOW. HE BLEW SO HARD HE KNOCKED THE LEAVES OFF THE TREES.
HE BLEW SO HARD THE WEATHERCOCK ON A NEARBY STEEPLE GOT DIZZY FROM WHIRLING AROUND AND FELL OFF HIS PERCH.
BUT THE HARDER HE BLEW, THE MORE CLOSELY DID THE TRAVELER WRAP HIS COAT AROUND HIM, TILL AT LAST THE WIND HAD TO GIVE UP IN DESPAIR.


THEN THE SUN CAME OUT OF HIDING, AND SHONE IN ALL HIS GLORY. HE SENT WAVE AFTER WAVE OF WARMTH BEATING DOWN UPON THE TRAVELER.
THE TRAVELER BEGAN TO PERSPIRE.
HE LOOSENED HIS COAT. FINALLY HE TOOK IT OFF ALTOGETHER.


"YOU SEE," SAID THE SUN, "FOR ALL YOUR BLUSTER, YOU COULD NOT MAKE HIM REMOVE HIS COAT."
HE COULD NOT BE FORCED TO DO IT AGAINST HIS WILL.
BUT HE WAS EASILY PERSUADED."
THE WIND DID NOT ANSWER. HE WAS LYING STILL, PANTING WITH EXHAUSTION.
SO THE SUN PROVED HIMSELF THE STRONGER.
WHAT IS THE MORAL? SIMPLY THAT PERSUASION IS OFTEN BETTER THAN FORCE!

THE HERRING-BONE ZEBRA

THERE WAS ONCE a zebra named Charlie Gibbons who lived in the African veldt and was the laughing-stock of the neighborhood.

Everyone who hung around the local veldt where Charlie lived treated him badly. They sneered at him, jeered at him, leered at him and peered at him with obvious disgust . . . and all because he had an unusual outside.

The other zebras had black and white stripes running up and down, as all good zebras do . . . but not Charlie. He was HERRING-BONE patterned!

As a result, instead of looking like a zebra, he looked like a Hollywood writer wandering around in a gray-tweed suit. He personally liked the novel zig-zag pattern he wore, but just because he was different he was spurned by veldt society. The antelopes, ibexes, deer, pumas and the other zebras, who all lived near Charlie, spurned his friendship . . . and when he wept bitter tears they laughed cruelly.

"That's what you get for being different," they taunted. "When you get stripes like the other zebras you can be friends with us. But until then you're just a freak . . . and we hate you, hate you, HATE you!"

Charlie sobbed bitterly.

"Do you REALLY hate me, hate me, HATE me . . . just because I'm different?" he blubbered.

"We do, we do, we DO!" they shouted, and ran off to play Squat-Tag, leaving Charlie to weep quietly, all by himself.

He was the loneliest and unhappiest zebra in all of Africa, and most of Asia. His fine herring-bone patterned hide, which he was once so fond of, suddenly became hateful to him.

"If it weren't for this hide, I'd be just like the other zebras, and everybody would like me. Oh, what a disgrace it is to be DIFFERENT! I wish I'd never been born!"

AT THIS POINT in the story — as in most fairy tales — it would be very nice if the zebra's Godmother appeared and changed his coat to stripes — but unfortunately that just didn't happen.

Instead, some hunters appeared! They were American professors, sent to Africa by the owners of a big Zoo, and they were looking for new animals to capture and send back home. Strangely enough, the two hunters, whose names were John Thomas and Thomas John, were just as unhappy as Charlie Gibbons, the zebra. Even unhappier, if that was possible . . . which it was. The reason they were unhappy was not because they too had herring-bone hides . . . because they didn't (they were pink) . . . but because they had looked high and low, all over Africa, from top to bottom and around the edges, and hadn't found a single unusual animal to send back to America. Of course they had found plenty of ORDINARY ones — but that was the trouble. They were TOO ordinary! The elephants all had big ears, the antelopes all had long horns, the leopards all had spots in approximately the right places, and the snakes all slithered around with always the same amount of snakiness.

The hunters and their native guides were wandering by the veldt where Charlie was sitting and sobbing, when suddenly one of them saw him.

"John!" hissed Thomas.

"What is it, Thomas?" hissed John.

"There . . . look! A herring-bone zebra! A beautiful, wonderful, impossible HERRING-BONE ZEBRA!"

Here was just the thing to send home to America! With glad cries the hunters ran over to Charlie.

At first Charlie wouldn't talk to them, but after they explained who they were he dried his tears and became friendly.

John Thomas — or maybe it was Thomas John — whipped out a fountain-pen and a contract, and told Charlie that . . . because he was so different and unusual . . . they wanted to send him to the Zoo in America, where he would be the star attraction!

Charlie was amazed. "Y-you mean y-you d-don't hate me, hate me, HATE me, because I'm so d-different?"

"Hate you!" screamed the hunters in surprise. "Why, we LOVE you! There's nothing shameful about being different. You should be proud of it, because being different makes you important!"

"It DOES???" Charlie asked in surprise. "Gimme that contract. I'll show everybody here how wrong they were to laugh at me!!"

SO THE HUNTERS took Charlie back to America, and he became very famous! All the newspapers and magazines published his picture. One of the big picture magazines even did an article called "A Day In The Life Of A Herring-bone Zebra", and another magazine elected him "Zebra-Of-The-Month". Although he was under contract to the Zoo, he was greatly in demand at important gatherings all over the country. He officiated at horse shows, county fairs, and trotting races, made several guest appearances with the Rodeo and Blingling Brothers Circus; and was always a prominent visitor at Hialeah and Belmont during the racing season.

One of the big clothing chains in New York brought out a new double-breasted suit with a grey herring-bone pattern called the "Charlie Special" . . . and another company, which manufactured breakfast foods, got him to endorse a new product called "Veldties".

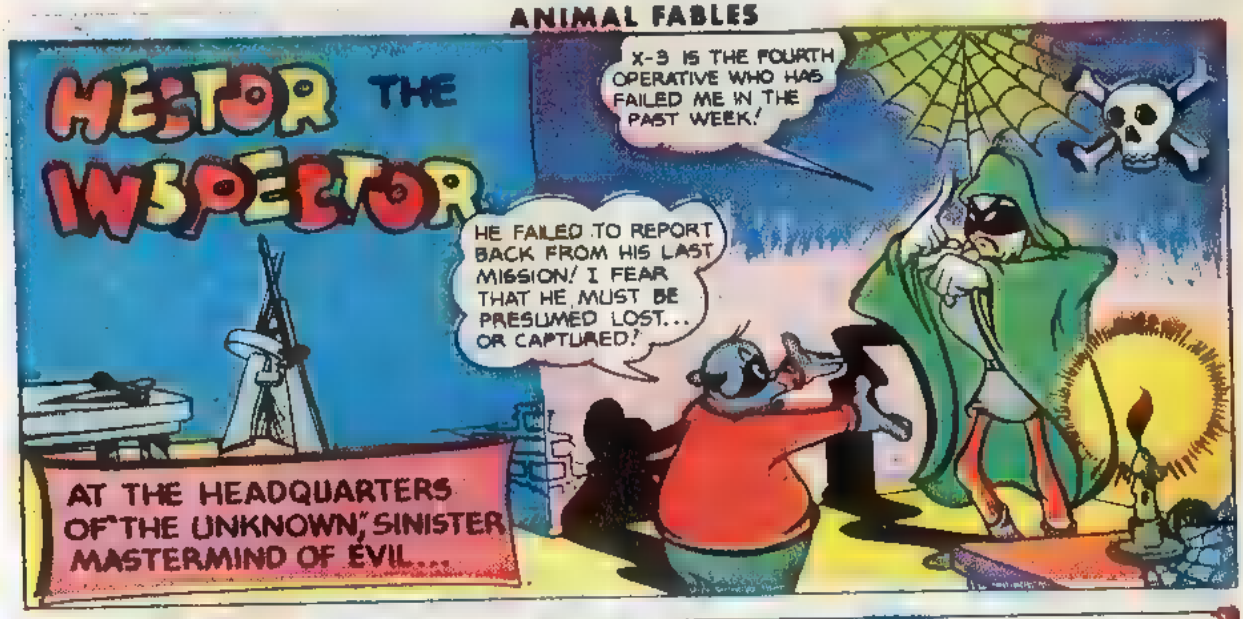
All in all, Charlie had a very active business year, and he saved his money carefully. When his contract was up at the end of the year the Zoo people wanted him to sign another, but Charlie decided not to.

"It's all been very nice," he said politely, but this year in America has helped me to win self-confidence. Now I know that being different isn't a terrible thing, so I'd like to go back to the veldt to see my family and show everybody how nicely things turned out for me."

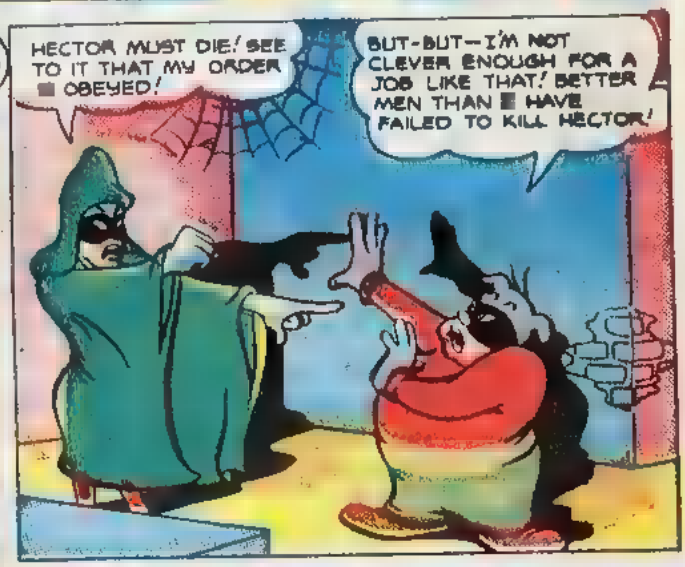
SO HOME HE WENT, and, since Charlie was not the SORT to bear grudges, he brought gifts for all of the prairie inhabitants. With the money he made he furnished a beautiful little duplex cave, married his old girl-friend, and raised a nice little family.

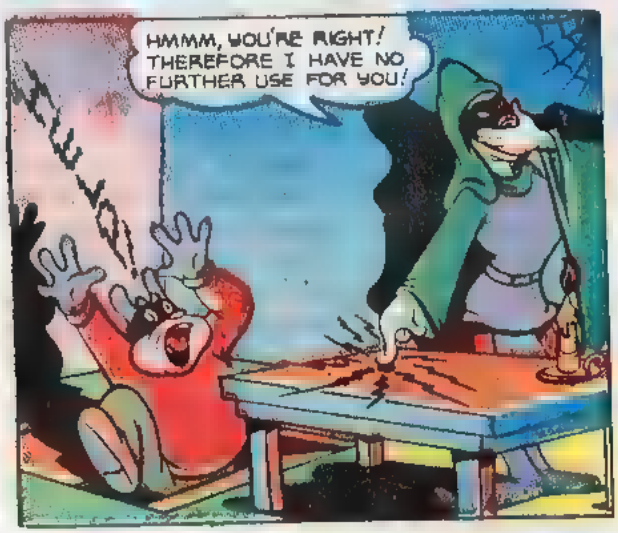
Everybody was very respectful to Charlie, and treated him a lot different than formerly, you may be sure. And whenever Charlie began to feel a little embarrassed because he was herring-bone instead of striped he would haul out his dusty old scrap-book and re-read the newspaper clippings and pictures which told how famous he had been in America.

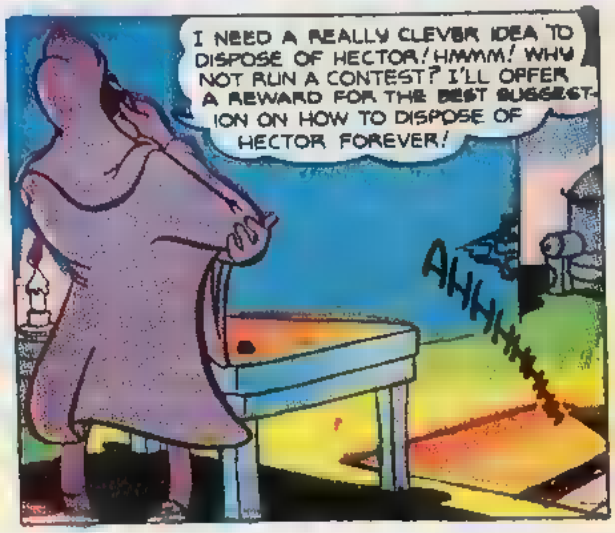
That's about the end of the story, and there isn't much moral to it, either. Unless you happen to be a zebra. Which isn't likely.

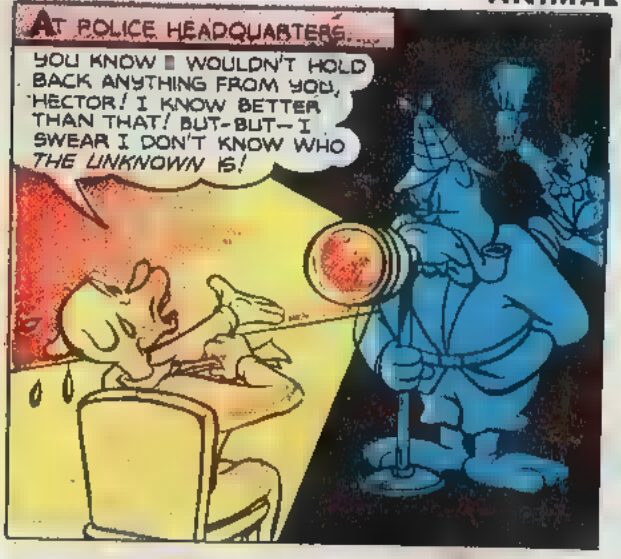

HECTOR THE INSPECTOR
X-3 IS THE FOURTH OPERATIVE WHO HAS FAILED ME IN THE PAST WEEK!
HE FAILED TO REPORT BACK FROM HIS LAST MISSION! I FEAR THAT HE MUST BE PRESUMED LOST... OR CAPTURED!
AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF "THE UNKNOWN," SINISTER MASTERMIND OF EVIL...

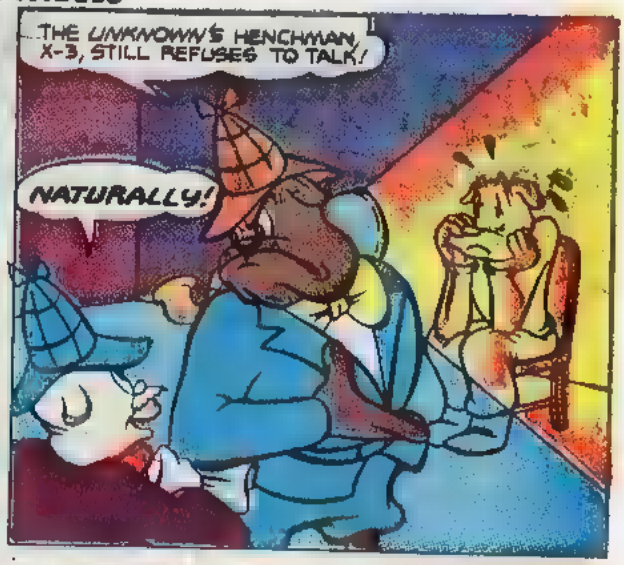
HECTOR, THE INSPECTOR CAPTURED THE OTHERS! UNDOUBTEDLY HE HAS CAPTURED X-3 ALSO! I, THE UNKNOWN, AM ANGRY!

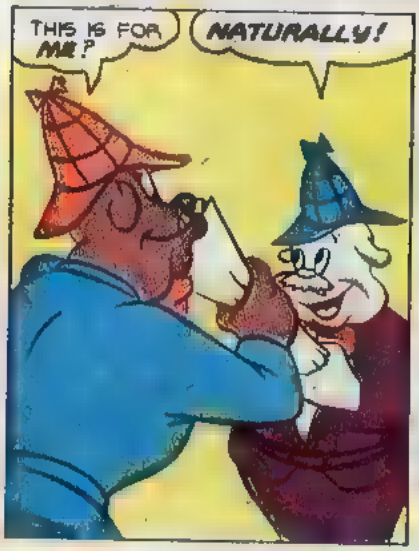

HECTOR MUST DIE! SEE TO IT THAT MY ORDER IS OBEYED!
BUT-BUT—I'M NOT CLEVER ENOUGH FOR A JOB LIKE THAT! BETTER MEN THAN I HAVE FAILED TO KILL HECTOR!


HMMM, YOU'RE RIGHT! THEREFORE I HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU!
ELU JO!


I NEED A REALLY CLEVER IDEA TO DISPOSE OF HECTOR! HMMM! WHY NOT RUN A CONTEST? I'LL OFFER A REWARD FOR THE BEST SUGGESTION ON HOW TO DISPOSE OF HECTOR FOREVER!
AHHHHHHHH

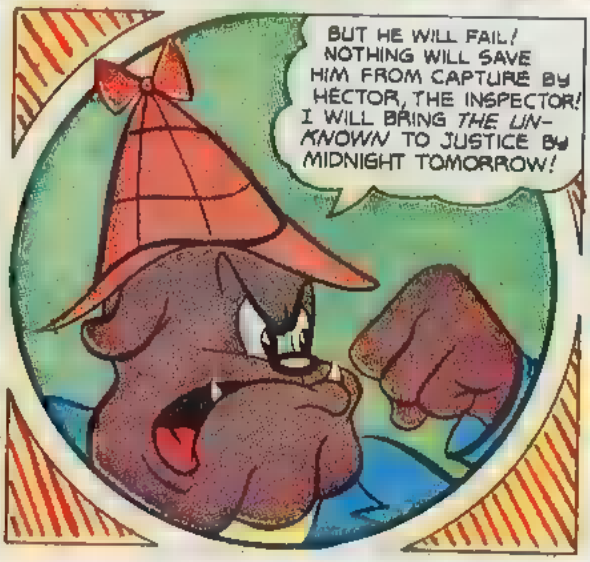

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....
YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T HOLD BACK ANYTHING FROM YOU, HECTOR! I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! BUT-BUT-I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHO THE UNKNOWN IS!

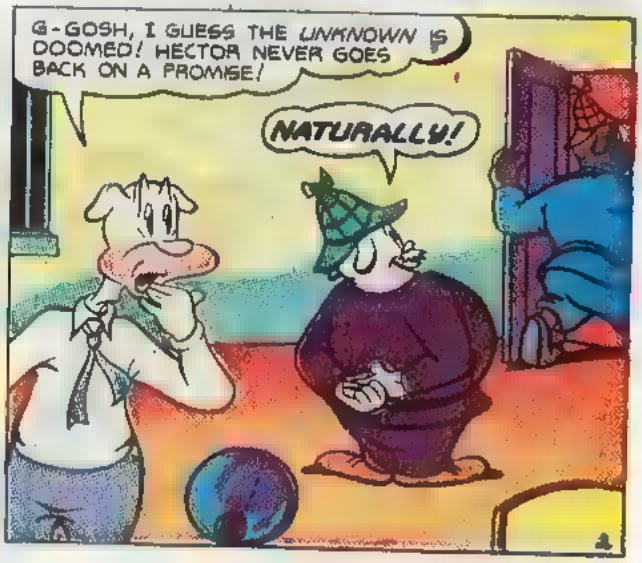

THE UNKNOWN'S HENCHMAN X-3, STILL REFUSES TO TALK!
NATURALLY!

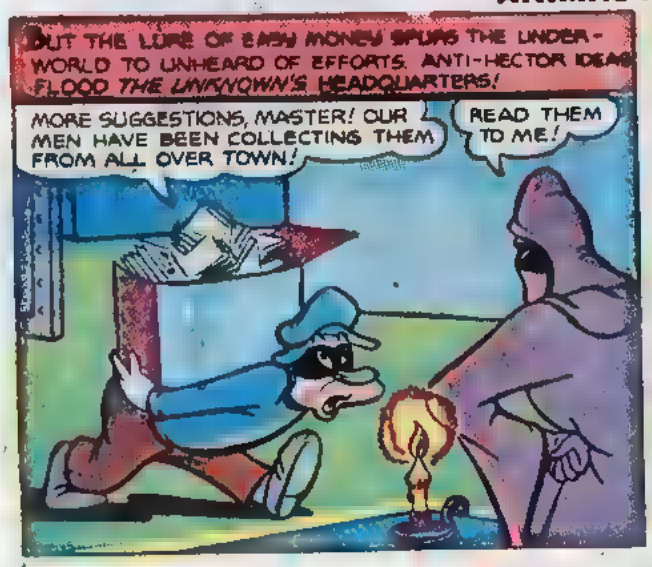

THIS IS FOR ME?
NATURALLY!

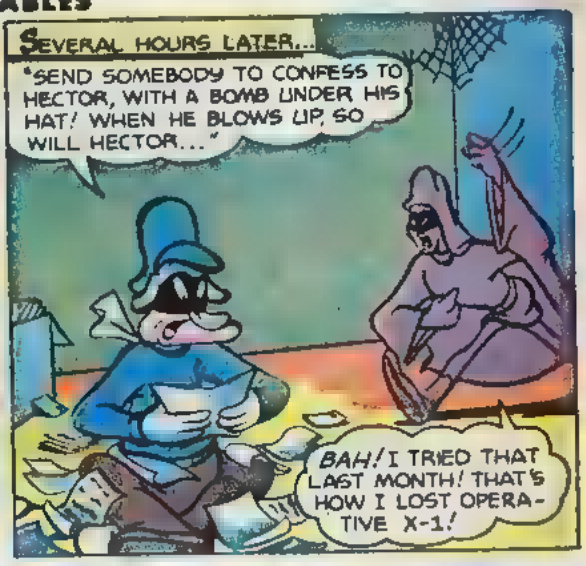
BIG REWARD!!!
I WILL PAY WELL FOR THE BEST IDEA ON HOW TO GET RID OF HECTOR THE INSPECTOR. SEND YOUR MURDEROUS SUGGESTIONS TO.... THE UNKNOWN

EGAD! THE UNKNOWN WANTS TO MURDER ME!
N-NATURALLY!

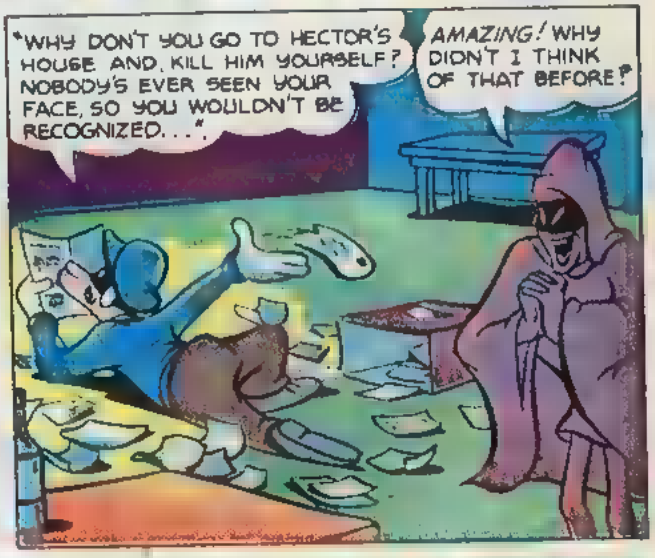

BUT HE WILL FAIL! NOTHING WILL SAVE HIM FROM CAPTURE BY HECTOR, THE INSPECTOR! I WILL BRING THE UNKNOWN TO JUSTICE BY MIDNIGHT TOMORROW!

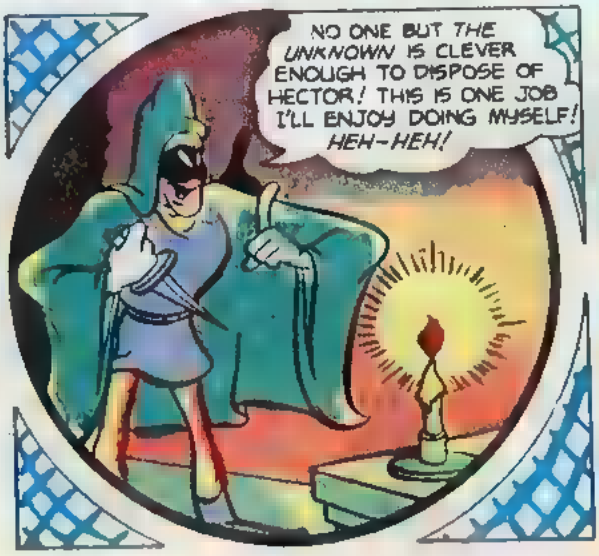

G-GOSH, I GUESS THE UNKNOWN IS DOOMED! HECTOR NEVER GOES BACK ON A PROMISE!
NATURALLY!

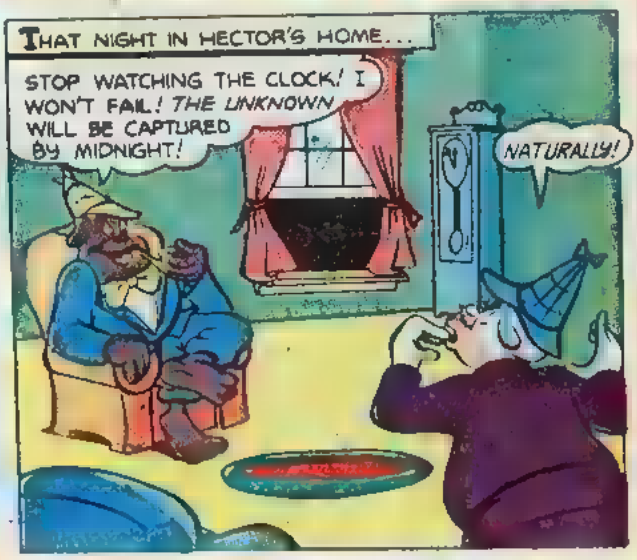

BUT THE LURE OF EASY MONEY SPURS THE UNDERWORLD TO UNHEARD OF EFFORTS. ANTI-HECTOR IDEAS FLOOD THE UNKNOWN'S HEADQUARTERS!
MORE SUGGESTIONS, MASTER! OUR MEN HAVE BEEN COLLECTING THEM FROM ALL OVER TOWN!
READ THEM TO ME!


SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
"SEND SOMEBODY TO CONFESS TO HECTOR, WITH A BOMB UNDER HIS HAT! WHEN HE BLOWS UP, SO WILL HECTOR..."
BAH! I TRIED THAT LAST MONTH! THAT'S HOW I LOST OPERATIVE X-1!

"FLY OVER POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN A HELICOPTER! WHEN HECTOR COMES OUT, DROP A BOTTLE OF ACID ON HIS HEAD..."
PHOOEY! THERE MUST BE A BETTER IDEA THAN THAT!


"WHY DON'T YOU GO TO HECTOR'S HOUSE AND KILL HIM YOURSELF? NOBODY'S EVER SEEN YOUR FACE, SO YOU WOULDN'T BE RECOGNIZED...".
AMAZING! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

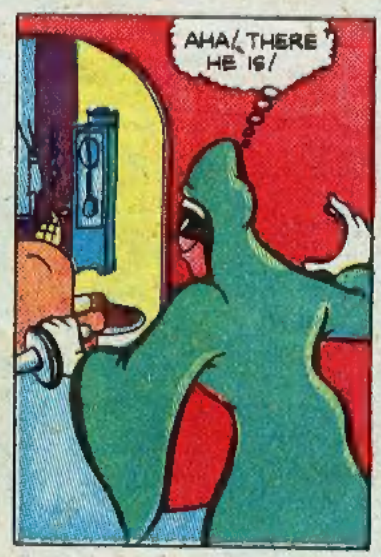

NO ONE BUT THE UNKNOWN IS CLEVER ENOUGH TO DISPOSE OF HECTOR! THIS IS ONE JOB I'LL ENJOY DOING MYSELF! HEH-HEH!


THAT NIGHT IN HECTOR'S HOME...
STOP WATCHING THE CLOCK! I WON'T FAIL! THE UNKNOWN WILL BE CAPTURED BY MIDNIGHT!
NATURALLY!

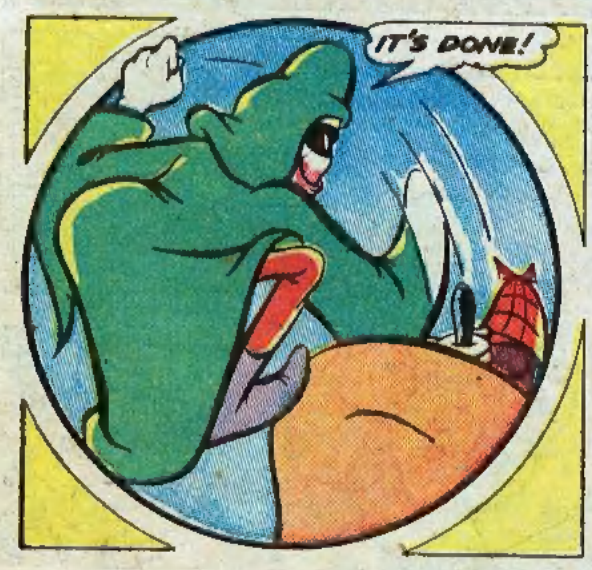
THE DOORBELL IS RINGING! ANSWER IT!
NATURALLY!
R-R-RING

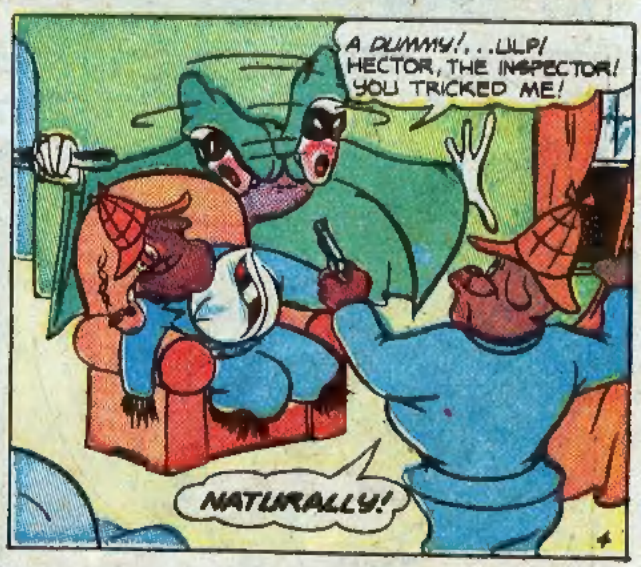
I'M SORRY! HECTOR IS BUSY! HE CAN'T SEE ANYONE!
INDEED?

HE WILL SEE... THE UNKNOWN!
NATUR...UHH!


AHA! THERE HE IS!

ONE SWIFT, CLEAN STROKE AND HECTOR WILL TROUBLE ME NO MORE!

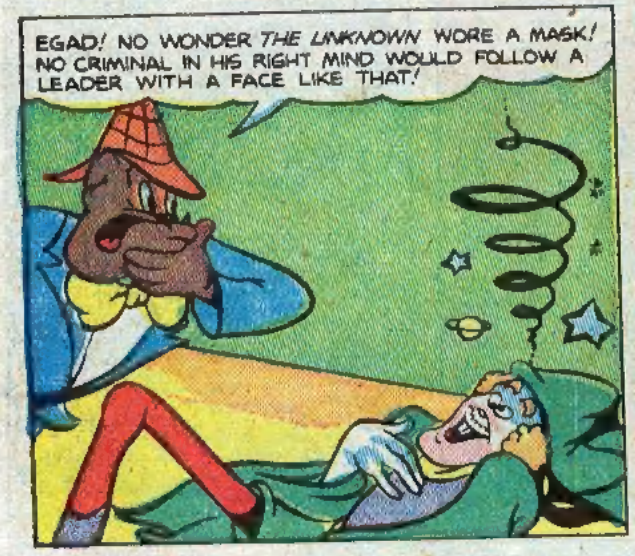

IT'S DONE!


A DUMMY!...ULP! HECTOR, THE INSPECTOR! YOU TRICKED ME!
NATURALLY!

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR KNIFE!
BANG!
CURSES!

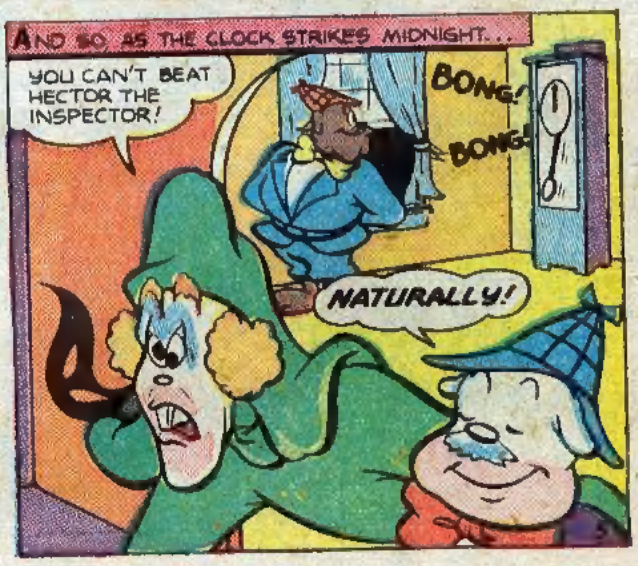
YOU'VE WON! BUT I SHALL RETURN!
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING!
BANG!

CRASH!
UGHH!

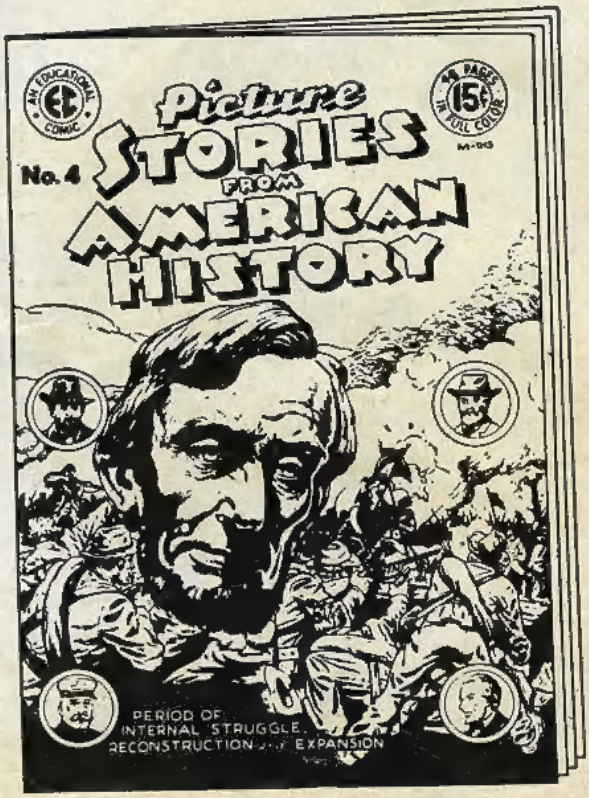

EGAD! NO WONDER THE UNKNOWN WORE A MASK! NO CRIMINAL IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD FOLLOW A LEADER WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!

MOMENTS LATER...
I KNOW WHEN I'VE MET A BETTER MAN! BUT WILL YOU ANSWER ONE QUESTION? HOW DID YOU KNOW I'D COME HERE TONIGHT?
VERY SIMPLE...

I SENT IN THAT SUGGESTION ON HOW TO KILL ME! I REALIZED THAT YOU WOULD BE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO ACT UPON IT... NOT KNOWING THAT IT WAS MY IDEA!


AND SO, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...
YOU CAN'T BEAT HECTOR THE INSPECTOR!
BONG!
BONG!
NATURALLY!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



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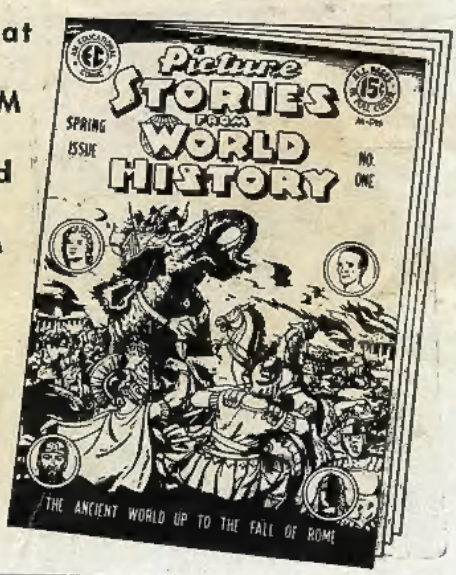

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